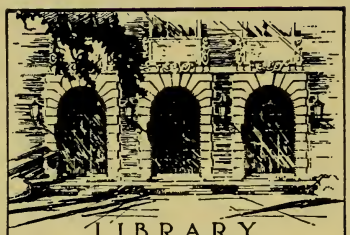
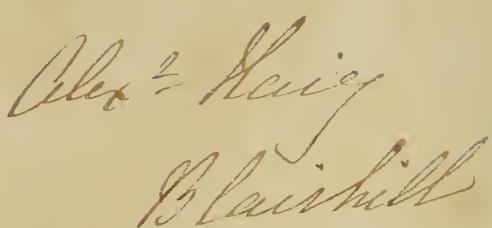


LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823
C872t
v.2



# TALES

OF THE

# GREAT ST. BERNARD.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THE WALLACHIAN'S TALE, CONTINUED.
THE CAPTAIN'S TALE.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1828.

PRINTED BY A. J. VALPY, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.

823
C872t
v.2

# THE WALLACHIAN'S TALE

CONTINUED.

# THE WALLACHIAN'S TALE.

## HEBE.

---

### CHAPTER XI.

"THE ladies had returned from ravaging the gardens to rifling the haram, and were still as busy as ever. I determined that they should have no time to let their partisans without the walls know how affairs were going on within, which might have been a signal for the storm of the seraglio.

"At the head of a detachment of mutes I darted into the haram, seized the first half dozen that I met, hurried them out, and delivered them over to the bamboo of Achmet. Nothing could be more adroitly laid on, or with happier effect.

I made ten successive expeditions of the same kind; and before night-fall, fifty or sixty of the fairest of the fair could not have walked their own length, nor worn a shoe of the size of your boot, for all the gold in the treasury.

"Talk to me of legislation, the bamboo is worth all the wisdom that ever dropped from under the shadow of the most profound of human brows. The sultanas came to their senses; by day-break I had two thousand tender penitents: tears and terrors acknowledged their fault; and if twice the pedlars of the habitable world had come to tempt them with twice the frippery, not one of those pretty philosophers would have breathed a sigh towards the temptation, in the sight of Achmet and his bamboo."

"But, my good friend," said the boyar, "had you no compunction yourself in this mode of administering the law? The cruelty of the bastinado— "

"Cruelty!" retorted the ex-minister. "What was the choice? There was nothing to be done but to apply to their heels or their heads. You would not have me apply to their reason, I sup-

pose. My predecessors would have set the bow-string at work. I mercifully tried an expedient which, without stopping the breath of a sex that, whether handling a sceptre or handling an oar, I worship from the bottom of my soul; stopped their travels in search of sultans and secretaries—I left them their tongues, whatever I might have done with their toes. And I take it for granted that you have not lived till this time of day, for every man must have his share of this world's trials, without knowing that, as long as the loveliest part of creation have the use of that instrument, they have a pleasure that they feel worth the world beside."

"Well," said the boyar, "you got out of that *melée* incomparably. But how did the sultan approve of the display of his wives to any eyes but his own? Your life must have been in danger for the profanation of looking at so many pretty women at once."

"No doubt," said the ex-boatman, laughing, "if I had given his highness time to recover his wits, and be grateful, I should not be now trundling this paddle on the Danube; I should have been drinking sherbet with the houries under the

emerald-tree of Paradise, a hundred miles high and a thousand broad, within the next half hour.

"But sultans are sometimes like other men; and when they are thoroughly frightened, think chiefly of themselves. The times were delicate. The janizaries, in any one of their combustions, might have despised the empty promenading through the streets, and walked into the seraglio: and while those visits were in Selim's thoughts, the whole world might have scanned every dimple on the cheek of his highest priced wife, without disturbing a hair of his sovereign whiskers.

"My business was next to quiet the janizaries. The sound of their kettles was pealing through every corner of the city. I sent for Achmet; waited till night-fall; caught the ring-leaders drowsy after the day's marching, and, in spite of Mahomet, most of them more or less drunk. The bamboo did its office, and did it well. By day-light, when their regiments gathered again from their ten thousand hovels to flourish about the streets, until they should take it into their loyal heads to storm the Porte; there was

not an aga * among them. They rushed to the coffee-houses, where they had seen them installed the night before. There they found, instead of showy rebels, a hundred and fifty miserables, without a foot to stand on, swearing by the beard of the Prophet that they had been beaten into a jelly by the spirits of darkness, and screaming for hot water and opium to console their remorse and their cuticle. The hearers, too holy to provoke the wrath of the sacred distributors of such blows, slipped quietly away; and rebellion sank down like the smoke of an empty pipe.

" I made my next experiment on the spectators at a prodigious fire. Five hundred houses were blazing at a time, to inform the sultan that his majesty, the mob, did not approve of his administration. I mingled, like another Haroun Alraschid, under a Jew's beard and gabardine, among those statesmen of the streets, with Achmet as my Giaffir. There is nothing equal to seeing the world for oneself. I got more knowledge of that great depository of sense and virtue, the open-air public, within a few hours of such perambulations,

* Colonel.

than I should have found in a million of years in a million of cabinets. The observations of the ragged reprobates round me were incomparably sincere, if they were homely; and I heard the merits of the ministry itself discussed with a straightforward justice, that it would have done them infinite good to hear, if they had but the wisdom to understand. Rogue, fool, and robber, were the tenderest terms for those guardian angels of the empire; and the sublime sultan had seldom more than the distinction of obtaining all the titles together.

"But in this world of taxes every man must expect to pay for his luxuries; and why not the wits? I marked down the liveliest critics, had them watched into their huts, applied the bamboo vigorously to their soles, and stopped the overflow of political pleasantry in them for the rest of their lives. For twelve months there was not more fire in Stamboul than would boil a cup of coffee!

"But things were still going wrong in other quarters. The Russians had cut us up horse and foot in three successive battles; and even the

Austrians had begun to stand the sight of a turban. Seraskier * after seraskier had been sent in vain, to bring the Czar and the emperor in chains together to lick the dust of the slipper of the most invincible and most constantly beaten of sovereigns. But the infidels laughed at us; and, as it is the custom of those barbarians to boast on all occasions, began to talk of the Sultan's doing the same office for the boot-heel of the uncircumcised.

"I alone saw how matters were to be mended.

"We had been plagued for a century with projectors of all kinds, but particularly with military; Frenchmen, Germans, Dutchmen and Italians, that, worthy of being corporals in their own services, had the infinite condescension to come and teach the moslemen, the sons of the mighty Mahmoud, the conquerors of Asia and Europe, the king-devourers, how to fight!

"It was well for those coxcombs that friend Achmet and I were not the right and left hands of the sultan in their time. I always scoffed at this miserable quackery."

"Look at the Turk," said I; "he is a lion:

* Commander-in-chief.

he roars, tears, and devours by nature. Chain him up with your dull discipline, and you might as well cut away his fangs and claws at once. You may make the heavy infidel, with the stick over his shoulders and the fear of it before his eyes, turn his eyes left and right like a puppet, and stand to be shot, like a fool as he is; but you must let the Turk follow the way of his fathers, and fight, slay, and charge headlong. You may harness the ass; and you may harness the lion too; but you will never get him to draw."

"My sentiments were known. I was made seraskier; and the very first rumour of my having put on my boots, cleared the country of the infidel drill sergeants. I sent the colours of the Nizam Djedid * to cover the coffee-house floors; made a present of the 'grand regulation' books to the baths, to be better employed in heating the water, than inflaming the brains of the people; published a proclamation, threatening to hang the first reformer that presumed to teach a Turk any thing; and with the Green standard tossing before me, galloped at the head of twenty thousand wild

* The new levies.

Asiatic cavalry, as naked of tactics as they were of clothes, all the way to Bucharest.

"There I found the yellow-beards* doing just as they liked with the conquerors of the world: the very day before my arrival they had attacked our camp, broken it up like so much glass, and carried off our cannon, waggons, three pachas of three tails, and the seraskier.

"On my arrival, the enemy sent an impudent message, gravely proposing an exchange of prisoners. I sent back for answer, that they were welcome to the dross of the earth that had fallen into our hands; that they were equally welcome to the slaves that had fallen into theirs; and that I should fight them as soon as I had taken my coffee."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the boyar, smiling; "without cannon, ammunition, or officers: a showy campaign you must expect to have made."

"What good did they do to us when we had them?" was the answer. "We were beaten like camels, as long as we had, like them, our burden

* The Russians.

on our backs. Throw off his loading, and the camel runs at you and kicks. I was an Asiatic, born under the sun of bright invention; and I knew the superiority of a man of genius, and of blood warmed by the glorious climate of Asia, to the offspring of fogs and frost. When was the Arab brain ever beaten by the Scythian? The whole army, though without a gun, with scarcely a cartridge, and not a shoe among the fifty thousand, shouted at my answer. They had at length got a general to their mind.

"I ordered an immediate distribution of pipes and pilaff: we had not another day's supply within a hundred miles, unless we found it in the Russian camp. My next order was for the assemblage of all the superior officers in my tent. They came. Achmet was by my side. I read them a lecture on the duties of their profession; told them that I had provided a never-failing medicine for military deficiencies; and thirdly, that they had all along behaved like a drove of asses. In addition, I ordered every foot of them to be well bastinadoed on the spot.

"Achmet performed to admiration. I sent out

my pupils mounted on their kindred asses to parade the lines, with a crier before each, informing the troops of his disease and my remedy. The culprits were received with roars of laughters: justice never had a more unanimous triumph. I then broke them, and appointed the inferior officer of each in his place. Never was measure more popular. I next gave the signal for battle; it was received with shouts; and we all rushed forward like a mob.

"And what can resist or has ever resisted a mob, that does not know what fear is? The enemy were in astonishment. When they expected to deal with squares and lines and deployments, and the other nonsense of the drill sergeants, they found themselves facing a torrent, they were surrounded by a living inundation; they might as well have battled with the ocean, or the desert when it rises before the whirlwind. Not a dozen cannon could be fired, before the janizaries were sabring the gunners: the whole affair was a riot. Generals, corporals, ensigns, and drummers, the whole Muscovite army, were tossed together, like chaff bouncing from the flail.

" Then came I with my spahis. We rolled on them like a fallen mountain. They might as well have fought against a shower of rocks or thunderbolts. To do them justice, none of the yellow-beards were fools enough to attempt any such thing. All who could run, ran full speed. I never dreamed that there was so much activity in Muscovite heels.

" In half an hour the affair was finished, and I was peaceably sitting in the Scythian field-marshal's tent, washing down the infidel cookery with the infidel Tokay. Mahomet himself would have drunk wine on such an occasion; for victory sanctifies all things in the field, just as power does every where else. Cannon, baggage, the military chest, and a cart-load of ribbons, stars, and badges of St. Annes and Wladimirs, were among our trophies. I sent the baubles to make my peace with the sultanas; the baggage I gave to the troops; the cannon I left where I found them; and the military chest I kept for the most meritorious man in the service—the hero who taught the Ottoman how to conquer—the seraskier of seraskiers!

" I followed up my blow; and two battles more,

to which a fight in the streets of Stamboul would have been regular and dangerous, tumbled the enemy head over heels across the frontier. The Scythians, from Moscow to the Pole, cried out for mercy, and swore that they had been betrayed by every body, troops, commissaries, generals, allies, and saints. I laughed at their diplomatists, and told them that they 'never fought better in their lives.' They were in infinite luck that my dislike to drink marsh-water and lose my nose by frost, prevented our hunting them to the Neva, and eating our suppers in the winter palace of Catherine."

"I remember," said the boyar, "those extraordinary reverses of the Russian arms, which the populace attributed to witchcraft, and the politicians, who, in their way, are generally about as wise as the populace, declared was the result of a profound scheme to expose Austria alone to the power of the Porte. But how is it that I find the great Mustapha here?"

"Your politicians by trade are asses all over the world. They are always labouring at some nonsensical paradox, where the truth is as plain as this oar. I always scorned them;—thieves, who

would rather open the door by a picklock than a key; moles that plunge under ground, and work their dull way in darkness, when they might walk without trouble in the light. The whole affair of the peace was, that I had taught the true believer the way to beat the infidel; and that the infidel was right glad to get out of the scrape as fast as he could.

"As to my being here, I will admit that it was wholly and solely my own absurd work. I fell, as every man will fall, who does his business too completely. If I had but half beaten the enemy, and left employment for a dozen campaigns, I should have remained master of the army. If I had but half tamed the beauties of the haram, but half extinguished the heart-burnings and house-burnings of the city, and but half saved the throne, I should be at this minute lord of the haram, the city, and the throne. But being clever, zealous, and successful overmuch, I left no room for fear; and in the Ottoman court, at least, with fear out goes gratitude. The sultan was jealous of my fame; the ladies remembered the bamboo; and the populace, after the first week

of peace, finding the want of something to quarrel about, would have had no objection to vary the scene by seeing me bronzing on a spike over the gate of the seraglio.

"My doom was settled in a divan composed of men every one of whom I had myself raised from obscurity. It was voted, that there was no instance in the memory of the race of Omar of a seraskier having held his office after having completely beaten the enemy.

"My time was therefore come. I was invited on board the capitan pacha's ship. The fellow had been my own barber, whom I, for his dexterity in clipping my beard, had made an admiral. A pompous entertainment awaited the presence of the 'great seraskier, his most magnificent friend—the all but creator of the most faithful of servants.'

"In the midst of the feast I was seized; the pelisse was torn from my back by the individual hands of the 'most faithful of servants;' I was thrown into a covered boat; and being spared my life, as an instance of extraordinary mercy, was, after six months' chains, turned loose to beg, borrow, or steal my bread through the world."

"And then began your enjoyment," said his listener, who was struck by the eccentricity of this singular career. "Then began the life that one like you must have longed for. Adventure and variety of character lay before you. You of course fled from Turkey."

"Not a step further than this bank. If gratitude is not the most thriving plant in Stamboul, I yet had gratitude once; for in my day of glory I appointed my bamboo-bearer pacha of Rudschuk. He had made my fortune, and I made his. The pachalic was the most delicate post of the empire, and the most money-making. I knew that Achmet would keep down treason while there was virtue in the bastinado; that he would squeeze out every possible piastre; and besides, that his sense of the art of thriving with the great would make him one of the very best receivers that could be appointed for the benefit of his protector the seraskier's purse.

"I made the first use of my liberty to travel to him. He was not ungrateful neither; for he offered me his own bamboo, and promised me the general flogging of the pachalic, if I would but

take up his trade. He even offered to make me his pipe-carrier. But I had seen enough of the world to shrink from the confidence of the mighty. So I begged his permission to live by my own labour; and, under the shadow of his arm, take no other trouble with mankind than tugging them backward and forward across the Danube.

"Achmet was sagacious enough to see the wisdom of my choice: he is kind enough to let me demand what fare I will of the clay-brained slaves on the other side, without taking more than half of it for himself; and he undertakes to have every one who murmurs well bastinadoed.

"I have thus health, money, merriment, and a pillow, on which I may lay my head at night without caring a straw how the world goes before morning; and what seraskier or sultan could ever say as much? But here we are at the shore; and now, remember that I am under the shadow of the pacha, and handsomely pay me my piastres."

The boyar jumped on shore, followed by the boatman, who led him through a variety of narrow passages in the suburbs to a gate in the rampart. "That swell of the river that carried me down

beyond my time," said Mustapha, "was of more use than its merely giving you a long story; for it will give you a bed in the town without the trouble of a public entry. There are secrets in all garrisons, and one of the secrets of this is, that the gate before you leads under the rampart straight to the citadel, and that I keep the key. Between friends, I sometimes pass this way myself on matters of business with the pacha, which it is by no means necessary that the collectors of the sultan's revenue should overhaul. Now, follow your fortunes: go straight to his highness, show him my scribbling, and when you are a true moslemin and pacha in his room, or turned into a king by the monarch-making Frenchman, remember your friend Mustapha, and raise the tolls of the ferry over the Danube."

## CHAPTER XII.

THE Turks are notorious for their homage to Allah and his prophet; but the truth is, that the actual deity of the Ottoman is neither the one nor the other. It is altogether a domestic guide, and has from the beginning been the protector of infants and ideots, has made the wisdom of fools, and now makes the providence of Turks.

This universal protector is chance. The moslemin, guarded by this angel, walks with his pipe into the powder magazine; goes to sea in a ship, from which the rats have been long terrified; and eats, drinks, and is happy in the presence of the plague, the scaffold, and the enemy.

The boyar walked through the most important town of the frontier without a question from

human being; marched into the citadel through a gate which had for years not known a hinge; and until he reached the door of the pacha's chambers, saw neither light nor sentinel. The gates of the fortress had been shut, and that was enough. The fortress was under the special protection of the national providence; and if it was not burned, blown up, or stormed before morning, the guardian angel was looked upon as doing his duty satisfactorily.

But, at the door of the residence, another system was evidently in force. At the first knock, the boyar was surrounded by a crowd of armed men, who rushed out from the darkness; was dragged in without being suffered to utter a word; and, to his astonishment, and in some degree to his alarm, was finally placed in a solitary dungeon-like room, in whose door-way stood a janizary, sword in hand.

For some period the silence was unbroken; but at length the sounds of mirth, and the buzz of many voices, told him that at least the serai * was awake. The mirth rapidly increased, and in the opening of

* Palace.

distant doors, he heard fragments of music, followed by loud laughter and applause.

Night wore away, and the boyar's eyes were heavy with his fatigue, when the janizary ordered him to rise and go before him. A passage of absolute darkness, and apparently covered with the ruins of building, led him to a curtained door. It was thrown open, and he entered a small room furnished with oriental magnificence. A short thick figure, wrapt in shawls, was lying on a sofa. The boyar paused: the figure spoke, and the first words informed him, that he was in the presence of the pacha, and that the representative of the sublime sultan was very nearly intoxicated.

After a rambling interrogatory of absurdities, his understanding seemed to revive. "What news of the diamonds?" lisped out the pacha. The boyar professed his total ignorance.

The pacha started from the sofa in a fury. "Why, in the name of Zatanai*—where is the use of their always sending me such blockheads? So, the money is thrown away that took you to St.

* Satan.

Petersburg. The diamonds are thrown away. The time is thrown away. You a spy! You have not brains enough for a mufti: they ought to make you a minister, to keep the rest of the divan in countenance. Fool! I know that the Russians are fitting out a fleet in the Black Sea, and you shall answer to me with your head for not bringing the plan of the expedition. You had diamonds enough to have bought the consciences of half St. Petersburg. By my three tails, you shall figure on the ramparts to-morrow for this. If the admirals and ministers refused your bribes, for the first time since the Hegira, why not offer them to their wives? The business would have been done. You would have had the whole story; I should have had the intelligence to send to the divan; and the Russians would have been burned in their own harbours. But now, there is nothing for it all but impaling you, a kafir, a slave, a fellow who is probably a double spy, a dog of an infidel, unworthy to have licked up the dust of the slipper of the faithful."

Cantacuzene wisely abandoned the hope of explanation in the present state of the functionary's

faculties. But, disdaining the honours of a spy, he put the boatman's billet into the pacha's hand.

A glazed eye wandered over the writing, and Cantacuzene discovered that, however the art of reading might be among the pacha's attainments, it was not the privilege of his hours of festivity. The Turk turned it over and over; but he could make nothing of the communication. Egypt had not a darker hieroglyphic to him. Yet the name of Mustapha conveyed some feeling of respect, which induced him to think the mysterious paper worth decyphering before he sent its bearer from his presence to the axe.

He clapped his hands, and a veiled female advanced from an adjoining apartment. Even rapidly as the door was shut, a long vista of tables covered with wine and other materials of forbidden feasting, was visible within. "Read this paper, and tell me what Mustapha means," was the command. The slave took it, glanced her eye over the boyar, and holding the paper at arms' length, uttered a loud cry. "Far be such letters from my lord the pacha," exclaimed she, with a gesture of abhorrence. "Accursed be the hand

that wrote it, and the hand that brought it here. There is poison in its folds. Let my lord, but at a safe distance, smell its deadly perfume. Those are the Christian arts by which they slay the mighty, from whose faces they would fly as the antelope from the hunter."

She advanced the paper towards the pacha: an actual perfume filled the apartment, and the alarmed functionary was more than satisfied with the proof.

" Aye," said he, " many a brave man has died of a pair of Italian gloves before now. But Achmet is too wise to be entrapped. The fellow is an assassin, sent very likely from the Sublime Porte to save the capidgi bashi* the trouble of his journey."

" I scorn the baseness of the imputation," exclaimed the boyar. " I am a subject of the Hospodar. I demand to be set at liberty."

" Aye, aye, a Russian spy. Those Wallachian bravoes all learn the same song. The Hospodar would be glad to have Rudschuk, which he can

* The messenger of the bow-string.

never have while the invincible Achmet Pacha wears a scymetar."

"Pacha, you deceive yourself. The note is harmless; or, whatever it may be, it is the writing of your friend Mustapha."

"Slave, was there ever secretary or seraskier turned out, who would not get back again if he could, or care how he got back again? Rudschuk would be a good beginning for Mustapha; and my head would be a first-rate compliment to the divan. But you are guilty. It is too late to impale you to-night, and I am sleepy; but by day-break you look your last upon the Danube."

Cantacuzene disdained further reasoning with the grim debauchee; and but little time was left him, if he had been inclined to argument. A wave of the pacha's hand was enough for his seizure by a crowd of janizaries, who swept him away through an alternate succession of melancholy and superb apartments to a dungeon.

There, alone, thwarted in all his objects, anxious for the fate of those whom he had left behind, perplexed by the imputations that must be thrown on a high officer of state absent at this stirring

period, and conscious that in the hands of the barbarian pacha his life might be instantly sacrificed to the caprice of drunkenness, suspicion, or mere love of blood, he spent some hours of bitterness.

But his was not a mind to sink under misfortune. In the darkness of his dungeon he recovered his equanimity. He reviewed his conduct, and calmly convinced himself that there was nothing in it which should humiliate him in his own esteem. He had encountered a hazard for a purpose of honour and humanity. If it were to be encountered again for the same purposes, he would be equally ready.

"My life may be extinguished," thought he; "but, after all, what can man do but by permission? If my time is come; if a sparrow does not fall to the ground unnoted, it is virtue to submit to a decision, in all things benevolent, and in all things wise. If I leave those behind whom I love, I leave them in hands to which human goodness and power are as the drop in the ocean; and whose will that human guardianship should cease, is but a change for one more secure. Let me be grateful that my career

is to close, not in the midst of worldly folly or personal crime, not in some hot pursuit of human temptations, in the guilt of avarice, ambition, or revenge; but in an act of obedience to the great command, that we should do good to all."

In such contemplations he smiled at the human pangs that had smote him in the pacha's words of death; sent up an aspiration for the safety and happiness of those whom he might never see more; and, laying himself down on the pavement, with no covering but his cloak, fell into a slumber undisturbed by even a dream.

After some hours he felt himself roused, and saw a young moslemin standing before him, with a lamp, whose light strongly falling on his eyes, almost concealed the face and figure of its bearer. The grey light of morning was just beginning to glimmer through the upper bars of the loop-holes; and Cantacuzene, conceiving that the time for his death was come, started up, declaring that he was ready.

"Stop," said the moslemin; "there is an act of

justice to be done first. Would you die with a sin upon your soul, and a stain upon your honour?—Your son, Constantine ——"

"What of him? tell me at once!" exclaimed the boyar, "or lead me to the scaffold." The recollection of the scene in which his rash and passionate son was charged with the death of Theodore, struck cold upon him; and with increased impatience he demanded the stranger's purpose.

"Your son," was the answer, "had plighted his faith to a woman every way his superior but in rank. He abandoned her. In his vanity and fickleness, he persuaded himself that he loved another. Passion was at length exchanged for revenge. Baffled in his pursuit by one who watched his steps with the eye of insulted love, he committed a great crime, and fled his country."

The boyar groaned at this confirmation of his worst fears. "His wife," said the moslemin—"his betrothed in the face of earth and heaven, followed him across the Christian frontier, as she would have followed him to the extremity of the

earth. She is now within this fortress, and has sent me to give freedom to the noble father of her cruel and guilty lord."

The boyar, like another David, was crushed by the conviction of his son's crime. "Would to Heaven I had died for thee, my son!" was in his heart. But, after a silent struggle, he mastered his feelings, and demanded, if he was to be thus set at liberty, why a Wallachian noble had been thus ignominiously treated, and an innocent man put in hazard of his life?

"In this dungeon was your security," answered the moslemin. "If Achmet had, instead of this insult, seated you at his table, you would have fallen into the hands of a vengeance still more fearful. Strange things will be done here before even the sun is up. Suspicion has fastened on the pacha; and the Christian, whom he honoured with his fatal hospitality, would have perished with his entertainer. It was known that the capidgi bashi was on his way, that a correspondence with the Muscovite had been intercepted, and that the fall of the treacherous and sensual wretch who has too long governed this unhappy province, was

doomed. You remember the supposed poisoning of the billet? Those things are common among us. A flower, a shawl, a ring, or a fragment of paper, is often the conveyancer of death. The perfume goes through a thousand hands harmlessly; but where the spell is pointed, there the venom strikes like an arrow. So runs the tale in this land of charms. The pacha's senses were in a state to believe it, and you were saved from his disastrous hospitality. By sunrise Achmet will be no more; the black mantle will be laid upon his shoulder; the sentence of the blood-drinker will be on him; the bowstring will go through the serai. Every minister of his crimes and pleasures, every confidant of his designs, every human being unfortunate enough to be marked by his favour, will perish. Then chains will be the badge of honour. The only safety will be to those whom the messenger of vengeance finds already in the dungeon."

"Was it then an act of friendship that threw me here?" said the doubting boyar, as he glanced on the stony bed and the bare walls.

"An act of the most zealous friendship. But

it depends upon yourself alone to make that act effective. Nay, even to raise the boyar Cantacuzene not simply beyond hazard, but to the highest place of fortune."

"I desire liberty, and leave the thirst of power to those who know no better."

"Yet power is a natural passion, and a noble one. In the guilty and the selfish it may take the colour of the mind, and be a crime; but power in the possession of the generous and the lofty is only a larger means of public good."

The moslemin approached the prisoner, and in a more decided tone said, "It may be within the influence of the individual who now speaks to you, to fulfil the highest aspirations of your heart. You are patriotic and high-spirited. I know you well. You lament the slavery of Greece."

The moslemin paused. The boyar listened with deep attention. The subject was an anxious one with him, and its simple sound awoke every chord in his bosom.

"Boyar, you are too honourable to deny this, and too manly to shrink from the great cause when it shall demand your aid. Do you doubt my words, my will, or my knowledge of yours? Look

at this pledge." A highly ornamented dagger glittered before the boyar's eye ; it was the weapon that he had given as his parting present to Rhiga. The disastrous fate of his friend rose on his recollection, and he gloomily demanded, "by what means that relic of a great and unfortunate man had fallen into moslem hands."

"And do you still think me a moslemin?" loftily exclaimed the stranger. "If I were one, would you find me here, hazarding my life to save yours? No, I should be riding at the head of the janizaries that are now on their march to do vengeance on this spot; or I should be intriguing at the Porte for the forfeited honours of the pacha. Have you never seen me before?"

The boyar fixed his eyes on the stranger's countenance, and was struck by its first likeness to some one that he had known; but the longer he looked, the more the likeness faded. The colour was of the deepest Arabian tinge; and the vivid and penetrating features were not less Arabian. He acknowledged himself baffled; and saying "that he must learn who he was from his own lips," demanded if there was any hope of being set free.

"There is one condition, and but one. Your son has loved and been beloved.—Give your consent to his marriage. He waits only for your sanction. Write your name upon this paper, and in the next moment you are free."

The paper was laid before him; and the boyar found that his signature was to be affixed to a contract of marriage between Constantine and the Italian singer who had excited so much attention at Bucharest. Cantacuzene's enduring spirit had its limits of endurance, and here they were reached. The pride of rank might have given way; but it was not on such terms that the life of the descendant of a line of emperors was to be purchased, and he tore the paper. The stranger sprang forward with a wild cry, and Cantacuzene saw the poniard unsheathed in his hand. He was unprepared, and received a slight wound as he rose to defend himself. But while he was still attempting to wrest the weapon from his furious assailant, a burst of light flashed across the cell, instantly followed by a heavy volley of musketry. The stranger started back at the sound, and dropping the poniard, fled, leaving the door of the cell open.

## CHAPTER XIII.

WHETHER this were the path to liberation or not, the boyar determined to try his chance, and, if he were only plunging into more immediate peril, at least not perish by famine and in the disgrace of a dungeon.

As he passed along the intricate and neglected passages that led from time to time within view of the ramparts and city, he saw that a desperate conflict was going on in the true confusion of a Turkish fight. Horse, foot, and populace, were all entangled, and rolling backward and forward through the streets and fortifications in furious masses; while the cannon of the ramparts were firing down on the streets, and sweeping away friend and foe together.

The battle had already continued for some hours, and the fire was slackening on both sides, when the trampling of a large body of cavalry across the drawbridge of the citadel, and the Albanian cries, caught the boyar's ear. The mere possibility that Constantine was engaged in this ferocious assault would not suffer him to remain any longer in his obscure spot of safety. He tore open a door that stood across the passage; found himself in the base of one of the towers of the serai; forced his way through a quantity of chests, apparently of treasure, of which the tower had been long said to be the depository—the storehouse of Achmet's extortion; and, directed by the sudden roar of the combat, toiled through utter darkness into a chamber curtained and cushioned with oriental luxury.

The battle was evidently concentred round the tower, either as the place of the treasure, or as the probable refuge of the pacha. But Cantacuzene had but one feeling. He climbed up to one of the high windows, and from it had a view of this hideous struggle. Achmet's janizaries still fought desperately for a master who had indulged them

in so long a license of plunder; and the populace, who hated both parties alike, were yet driven to fight by the fury that fires men's blood in times of civil discord. From the narrowness of the streets, the fire from the ramparts, heavy as it was, produced little other effect than tearing away the parapets and roofs of the houses, which it flung upon the combatants below. But where the fire fell upon the more open spaces, market, bazaar, or field, the heaps of dead showed the formidable hazards of coming within its range. But the crisis was come. The sound of their trumpets, still less than the fright and flight of the armed populace, told the coming of the Albanian cavalry. They came in a solid mass at full gallop, and trampling every thing before them. The avenues round the tower were instantly cleared; and for a while Achmet's janizaries were to be seen only flying through the outworks, or throwing down their arms. The cavalry rode up shouting, and waving their scymetars in their usual mode of exultation after a successful charge; and the affair seemed to be decided.

But they had to deal with a subtle enemy, who

was now playing his last stake for life. Achmet had drawn them under the guns of the tower, and waited only until the field at its foot was full. At the settled signal, a shot fired from his own carbine, the artillery poured down upon the victors. Nothing could be more tremendous than the havoc of this shower of iron on the exposed mass of the cavalry. Man and horse were flung over each other, tossed up into the air, or dashed in quivering fragments against the walls; the whole was a howling and struggling heap of massacre. In the midst of the confusion, the boyar's eyes were wildly fixed on one object—his son Constantine, whom, to his terror, he saw under the hottest fire making desperate efforts to restore the battle; plunging through the dying and the dead, and with voice and scymetar forcing his troopers back to the charge. He at length succeeded in collecting some hundreds, in whose front he came galloping to attack the remnant of the janizaries, who, shut out from the tower by the sudden closing of the gates, continued firing in little groups below. Another charge must have cut them off; but while the squadrons were in the act of wheeling round

the bastion, Cantacuzene in agony saw his son's head droop to the saddle, and at the same instant his charger receive a ball in the breast, which turned him round. The janizaries gave a wild shout for the fall of the leader, and poured in another discharge. The boyar saw the gallant rider fall, and the squadrons, in the heat of the charge, rush over the spot. The light forsook his eyes; he lost his hold of the bars, and dropped insensible into the chamber.

When he recovered, all was changed round him. The pavilion that he had but just seen the seat of oriental luxury, covered with the richest caprices of despotic wealth and indulgence, was filled with the wrecks of battle. In the general retreat Achmet's guard had taken the direction of the tower, forced the doors, and were now preparing to make in it their final stand. The pacha's precious chamber, of which the stories told by the rambling bards of Bulgaria were scarcely beyond the truth, for either its richness, its seclusion, or its crimes; —this place of costliness and mystery was now crowded with armed barbarians. The floors and sofas were covered with objects of horrid mutila-

tion, raging, groaning, and dying; the lamps, urns of lighted perfumes, and marble tables, every thing, were overturned; the embroidered carpets and curtains, torn up into stripes to staunch the dreadful gashes of the Albanian scymetar; the gilded and arabesque pedestals piled into buttresses for the doors, or stands for the janizaries to fire down from; the painted windows, the *chefs d'œuvre* of the first artists of Vienna, dashed into fragments to make room for the musket and carbine muzzles that still poured an obstinate fire on the heads of the assailants. The air was thick and deadly with the mingling smells of luxury and carnage, the spilled attar, and incense flaming as it lay on the ground, the gunpowder smoke, and vapour of the turbans and clothes of the dead burning from the fallen urns and wadding of the musketry.

The boyar, stifling and exhausted, lay among a pile of dead, and scarcely wishing to survive them. He heard every outcry and change of the struggle, and listened almost with a wish that uncertainty should be at an end, and some friendly

ball relieve him of the burden of an existence that was beginning to be too heavy to be borne.

A tenfold yell of battle roused him from his torpor. Yet through the whole uproar one shrill voice was heard screaming out in every phrase of fury. The clash of arms came nearer and nearer still, and at length the buttresses burst away from the door, and in the arms of a crowd of janizaries was Achmet borne in, desperately wounded.

He had been dragged from under the feet of the cavalry, and was now brought in only to die. His turban was off; he was nearly naked; and the blood flowing down his front from a deep scymetar-cut in the forehead made him a dreadful spectacle. The janizaries laid him on a sofa, and attempted to bind up his wounds. But life was strong in his little nervous frame. At the first volley he bounded up, and tearing his way through the crowd, insisted on being suffered to rush out among the enemy. His brain was palpably disordered by the torture of his wounds, and he danced, roared with laughter, and poured out perpetual execrations on every thing and every body.

He kicked the dead from him as sluggards, and dashed his pistols at the heads of the janizaries when they attempted to hold him.

But all was soon to be over. A cannon-shot tore down the veranda of the chamber, and a large portion of the wall gave way along with it. Below were seen a swarm of troops, who, after some desultory firing, rushed up the ruins to storm the last stronghold of the devoted pacha. He still continued bounding, whirling his scymetar, and screaming out execrations of all kinds against rebels, traitors, and the "blackest of all traitors, the divan." But his adherents, crowded together, offered a fatal mark to the fire, and they fell thick at his side. Wound upon wound could not extinguish the fiery spirit of Achmet. He danced, howled, and threatened only the more with every shot that covered him with the blood of his troops or his own.

The assailants still had a difficult task, and many an Albanian fell under the carbine and Damascus blade before the ruins were mastered. But they were mastered at last. Scarcely more

than thirty or forty mutilated wretches survived within the chamber to meet the assault. Achmet had hope to the end, and calling on them to follow, rushed forward, and bounded down the steep into the centre of the enemy. Every thing was overturned before this desperate leap for the moment; and with his scymetar flashing in perpetual circles round his head, he made a long passage through the multitude; but they gradually closed round him. The bayonet and dagger did what the bullet had failed to do. He was crimson from head to foot, and with a howl that was heard above the thousand outcries of the conflict, he fell.

A crowd fell over him, and he was long seen struggling and stabbing. When his scymetar was broken, he fought with his dagger; when the dagger was torn away, he fought with his hands and teeth. He died like a wild-cat, tearing, screaming, and untameable.

Sunset saw the old pacha buried, the new pacha enthroned, a new court, a new garrison—the whole change of power complete, and the capidgi bashi tranquilly riding out from the

Turkish gate of Rudschuk at the head of a long train of state-prisoners, among whom was the boyar Cantacuzene.

The transactions of the morning were common in the history of the Porte. Achmet had been for some time justly suspected of a correspondence with that northern enemy, which the Turk feels by instinct to be the future master of his throne. The mandate of the sultan, secret as the pestilence that flieth by night, went forth. But the pacha, partly forewarned, and partly contemptuous of the proceedings of the divan, had laid his measures for the return of the capidgi bashi's head to the Porte instead of his own. The result was an open struggle, in which he would have made good his determination, but for the activity of the capidgi's piastres in the course of the night. A large portion of the garrison revolted at the critical moment, and Achmet was driven from point to point until resistance was finished by his fall.

The boyar, found loose, and in the final stronghold of the rebel, was of course reckoned among his adherents. His being recognised as the minister of the Hospodar saved him from the general execution;

while his rank, and the probability of his making important discoveries, rendered him a prize worthy of figuring at the Porte as the first-fruits of the new pacha's sovereignty. His entreaties to be suffered to look for the body of his son were scoffed at: he was ordered to set out instantly; and in the midst of a troop of spahis, he was conveyed far from the land which contained every thing dear to his heart and his honour.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE absence of the boyar from Bucharest was for some days taken as a matter of office, in the anxiety of a time which required frequent private missions to the European courts. But the intelligence of Achmet's fall embarrassed the Hospodar, as the menace of a change in the Turkish polity; and the portar bashi was accordingly summoned to the council, as the depositary of the foreign correspondence. He was nowhere to be found.

Among the unsettled governments of semi-barbarian states, treachery is the first solution of every difficulty; and even the proud integrity of Cantacuzene's private life did not exempt him from the charge, so seemingly sanctioned by an absence without the knowledge of his sovereign.

Justice is rapid in the court of a despot. The boyar's palace was searched. No document explaining his flight was discoverable. This was enough for the irritable suspicion of the Asiatic government of Wallachia, and a whisper from the court was enough for the capital.

A thousand mouths were instantly opened upon the reputation of a noble whom, a few days before, all identified with Roman virtue; and his fortune, his rank, and his high office, were severally crimes in the eyes of the crowd of faithless and empty idlers, who thought only of the partition of the prize. Rumours, brought by some fugitives from the slaughter of Rudschuk, gave form to the general suspicion; and when it was declared that he had been seen to cross the Danube, and even to enter the roof of Achmet, whose name it was, since his fall, the eager object of the government to disown, the sentence was delayed no longer.

The boyar's palace was entered by a detachment of soldiery. Seals were put upon his papers; his household driven out; and the last proof of timid zeal was given in proclaiming a reward for any

man who should bring in the traitor, dead or alive.

Hebe's consternation was indescribable. Desertion, shame, and beggary, stared her in the face: she was surrounded by a crowd of domestics, some feeble, and lamenting the common probability of their being involved in the punishment of their master; some faithless, and taking the opportunity of the general confusion to plunder every thing that they could lay their hands on; others insolent or perfidious, and threatening to secure themselves by bringing to the government details of every trivial transaction which they could exaggerate into public danger.

Under the first effect of the blow, the young Greek was stunned. She wandered through the palace, tossing her hands in wild despair, weeping, and talking to vacancy. Suspicion of the boyar's honour never entered her thought; and the loss of wealth and protection was as far from her regrets as ever. But she was convinced that some dreadful misfortune had happened to the noblest and most generous of men; and her sorrow derived its last aggravation from the incontrol-

lable feeling that his absence, his ruin, nay, perhaps his death, were in some way or other connected with his zeal in her cause.

But this debility of spirit was brief. The very weight of her perplexities stirred her powerful mind to an effort of vigour. Her eyes were resolutely cleared; her dress was composed; she summoned the domestics to their attendance; and with a train worthy of her rank, and a heart that might have done honour to the loftiest sufferer of adversity, she went to demand an audience of the chief minister of the Hospodar.

The heroic struggle with misfortune is sure to make friends among the feeling and the honourable. The tale of the boyar's ruin had made its way even among the populace; but when they saw this young and delicate being coming forth from the palace marked for downfall, and coming with the air of majestic innocence, and with the old pomp of the boyar's attendance, they shouted in admiration.

Her reception by the minister was such as became a noble to offer to a woman of rank and beauty claiming justice. But his high-bred atten-

tions were turned into homage to her understanding, as she detailed the probabilities that might account for the boyar's absence. With the eloquent force of feeling and of reason, she demanded that the unimpeached honour of a life spent in the face of the world, should not be suffered to perish by a suspicion which the accused was not present to clear away. She adverted to the utter impossibility that a character distinguished for love of country, for contempt of wealth, and for an attachment to the purity and peace of private life, should be so instantly changed into that of a traitor, betraying his country, his honour, and his religion, for any bribe that the Turk or the earth could hold out to him in opulence or ambition.

She stated with irrestrainable tears the chance that some fatal accident might have closed the days of her adopted father: "the passions of revenge, of plunder, of envy at his distinction; the fierce selfishness that might look upon his fall as essential to its own rise;—all were still busy among mankind, and were peculiarly and fatally active in the corrupted circles of the native noblesse. And from those what innocence, unsus-

U. OF ILL. LIB.

picious of offence; what courage, scorning perfidy; or what honour, guileless of the arts and malignity of meaner spirits, could be a perpetual guard?"

"I demand," said the young and ardent advocate, "that the order of his highness the Hospodar be instantly revoked; that all proceedings against the name and fortune of my lord and father be stayed; and that time be given for his friends to defend his cause; or for himself, which may Heaven in its mercy grant, to return in person, to put his enemies to shame, and be the assertor of his own pure and imperishable honour."

The common official dexterity of denial was not to be practised upon such a claimant. To the language of diplomacy she replied by the language of nature. The minister's prepossessions gradually gave way; and acknowledging, in more than the phrase of courts, the united powers of so much generous interest and so much reason, he came to the only requisite, the time for the boyar's return. To this he demanded a limit. Hebe's protestations were here in vain. The minister was inflexible.

It was finally agreed that for three months the

hand of the state should be withheld, and that the boyar's property and name should be untouched, until certain intelligence should arrive, or until the fatal term was closed.

A triumph had thus far been achieved, but it was still a melancholy one; and Hebe, after the first exultation, wept many a bitter hour in the solitude of those stately halls that she had preserved to her benefactor. But if she could have found happiness in public applause, her sorrows might have speedily passed away. Her daring to stand forth against a mandate which the proudest of the princes of the land so seldom thought of questioning; a daughter, too in the cause of a father; and that daughter, the offspring of adversity, undertaking this high duty at an age when others were scarcely capable of more than the tasks and thoughts of childhood; won the heart of the city.

Shouts from the populace; congratulations from their superiors; the respect of her own sex, proud of having such a representative of the faith and generous self-sacrifice that make their especial throne in the heart of woman; even the consideration of the court, made the young Greek the

most conspicuous among all the popular, the fair, and the noble of the realm.

But her soul was too deeply engrossed with one thought to find room for the delights of human applause. Until the fate of Cantacuzene was determined, every moment must be one of effort and anxiety. The idea that he could have betrayed his country, she scorned to entertain. Her knowledge of his habits of pure and pious thought, his unostentatious sincerity, and his solemn and reasoning convictions of those hallowed truths which the world so often idly overlooks or madly disdains, saved her from the bitterness of a pang which she would have been scarcely able to bear. It did more;—it strengthened her spirit against the repeated disappointments that she was forced to experience in her search for Cantacuzene.

Day by day her messengers, despatched to all parts of the provinces, even to the Turkish territories, and the chief towns of Greece and Asia Minor, returned without information. Constantinople had been searched in vain. Money; the generous zeal of many among the nobles; the sympathy of the opulent traders from Smyrna and

Salonica, who offered their services to obtain intelligence; and even the active interest of the minister, who saw with regret the approach of the time when hope must be at an end, were utterly fruitless. Yet in the lonely evenings of those days of pain, when she had watched during the day for the arrival of a courier, whose coming buoyed up her heart with sudden hope only to cast it down deeper than ever, she found, in the memory of the boyar's virtues, a consolation that the world could never give.

"My more than father," she would say, as her eyes turned from the darkening earth to heaven, "my earthly guide and protector, teacher of all that lifts the heart to hope and virtue; let what will come, I will believe that the hand of a mightier strength than of man is on your sacred head. If you have perished, it is for such as you that happiness is reserved where the weary are at rest, where the exalted spirit feels itself placed at last in the distinction to which it was born, and rejoices at the trials here which have raised it beyond sorrow for ever. My father, if the dead are allowed to think of mortal feelings,

is it presumptuous to think that the spirits of those whom we loved may stoop from their joy to guide and soothe the desolate on earth? May not a portion of the happiness of their immortality be, in looking upon the efforts of the living to follow their paths, or in their own power to guard and console? At this hour, may not my father be near his child, her heart be open to him as it was on earth, and his unwearied love be commissioned by the King of quick and dead to protect her steps through a thorny world?"

But the fated time was flying; no tidings came; and another month must extinguish the hope of seeing the boyar restored to his place in the public mind. Confiscation must follow: for her own poverty she had not a thought, but her heart sickened at the ruin which must fall upon the many who looked up to the bounty of Cantacuzene. Farewell then to the plans of improvement; to the neat cottage and cultivated field of the peasant; to the place of education; to the shelter for the helpless and the aged;—all must perish! The garden and grove must be a wilderness; the smiling landscape be turned into sterility; the peasantry be

driven into the extremes of barbarism and poverty; the labour of a life of wisdom and benevolence be wasted in a day by the rapacity of some indolent and worthless reveller in the general plunder of the boyar's possessions.

Yet what was to be done? The popular interest had perished as rapidly as it rose. A new troop of dancers, and a fête, for which the fireworks were to come from Vienna, had absorbed the head and heart of every living creature in Bucharest; and the world thought no more of the object of its recent admiration than of the dead.

Hebe felt herself gradually sinking under this perpetual fatigue of mind. The misery of hope deferred—the sickness of the heart was heavy on her. Sleep had vanished from her eyelids. She spent the nights gazing from her window on that southern horizon where her father's last steps had been turned. She became the prey of visionary agitations. Every foot startled her; every sound from the huge city by night told her beating heart some new tidings of sorrow. But she had quickly more substantial grounds for disquietude.

Forgotten as she was by the multitude, she was not forgotten by all. The habits of her retired life encouraged the presumptuous approaches of those who saw in it only general destitution. Letters of an insulting kind, attentions that even her innocence could not misconceive, and tamperings with her domestics, convinced her that her situation was one of peril. She had but one resource; to fly to the minister, and implore his safeguard.

But here again she trembled. He was young, handsome, and unmarried. His language to her even in the moment of her distress was touched with feelings from which, respectful as they were, she instinctively shrank. He had since solicited opportunities of recommending himself to her by the most graceful and zealous services. Woman, always powerful over the generous and accomplished mind, is invested with double power when her genius is guided by her heart. Hebe's pleadings for her father, less adorned by the glowing lip and brilliant eye of her who uttered them, than by the hallowed ardour of her filial love, had sunk deep into his memory. He had at length

offered her his alliance ; and a word from the young Greek would have placed her at the head of the haughty nobility of Wallachia.

But that word she would have died rather than pronounce ; for one recollection was enshrined in her soul. Theodore had perished on earth, but there he lived. She conversed with him during the hours of her solitude ; and felt a strange consolation in pledging herself with sacred solemnity to be wedded to none but him, and wedded in the grave.

She was sitting, on the evening of the fête, till a late hour, at the casement that had been so often a witness to her tears and prayers. The joyous tumult of the city as the multitudes poured out to the palace gardens, the echoes of the martial music, the glitter of the fireworks, and the shouts of the people—all formed a depressing contrast with the solitude of one who had so lately been the gaze of her splendid circle. An involuntary sigh broke out for her sudden and total separation from the natural enjoyments of her youth ; and she wished that she were in her grave. Yet the feeling was but momentary ; the thought was checked by the remembrance of her benefactor.

"How imaginary were her sufferings to what his might be! In what misery of mind might he not at that hour be thinking of his country? in what actual calamity might he not be wasting away his invaluable life? Nay, while the thought was passing through her mind, might he not be breathing his last in the dungeon, and reproaching the heartlessness that left him to perish without an effort for his restoration?"

In the impulse of irresistible feeling, she resolved to hazard the world's opinion, to be contented to hurt her own sensitive delicacy, and solicit the aid of the minister in the renewal of her search. While she paced the apartment in the fever of her conceptions, she was stopped by the sound of a mandolin accompanying a female voice of peculiar sweetness in the garden below. The presence of a stranger at that hour would have alarmed her, but that she was won to listen by the singular power of the voice, and the elegance of the style. The zinganehs* are the musicians of the Hospodariate; and the performer who had made her way thus unceremoniously into the

* Gipseys.

garden, was of the number. Hebe listened with melancholy pleasure to the touching tones of the singer as she tried a succession of popular airs. But the night waned ; she threw money from the window, turned away, and was led back by the peculiar brilliancy of the performance with which the zinganah returned her thanks for the liberality of the reward. A second donative was given. The female approached as if unwilling to leave so profuse a donor ; and at the same moment a billet fell at Hebe's feet. Her mind, perpetually fixed on one subject, instantly conjectured it to have some reference to the boyar's fate. For once hope had not deceived her. The billet contained merely the words in pencil : " The boyar is in Constantinople, a prisoner, and in danger." The light of the chandeliers seemed to quiver before her ; the ground seemed to heave ; her breath stopped ; she felt herself falling, and grasping at whatever was next her for support, she sank upon the ground. How long she remained in this trance she could only conjecture. Her first sensation of life was a cold weight upon her arms. She glanced fearfully round ; the lamps were burning dim ; but the moon-

light fell strong upon the window by which she had sunk, and it showed that she had pulled down the scymetar and pistols of the boyar.

This accident was taken in her agitated state of feeling for an indication of a higher will. She formed her resolution upon the spot, and waited impatiently for the tardy coming of day. When it arrived, she again set forth with those pompous equipages and stately train, whose attendance she required for the purpose of doing honour to the rank of her father. By the minister she was received as the woman of his heart would be received by a man of sensibility. But her few first words put an end to all the lighter hopes and elegancies of passion. She was calm and sad; but her eye was stern; and the accomplished lover saw at a glance that she would have spurned with the loftiest disdain the language of gallantry. Their discourse was brief and serious. She thanked him for the exertions by which he had hitherto saved the fortune and name of the boyar; "and she had now but one request more to make."

"Was it for a prolongation of the time?" said

the minister. "She had but to ask, and it must be granted."

"No, it was for passports to take her across the frontier on her way to Constantinople."

The minister was thunderstruck. He remonstrated with her on the total improbability of the boyar's being in a Turkish dungeon; on the almost impossibility of her finding him, if he were a prisoner; and on the palpable peril of making her way through the provinces beyond the Danube.

"Despatches," said he, "have reached the court but this morning, and which I mention to you while they remain still a secret to all but the Hospodar, giving details of a revolution, as usual, bloody, that has occurred in the seraglio. The Sultan Selim is either put to death, or thrown into chains only to die. The whole capital was in uproar; a large portion of it was in flames; and the janizaries were plundering in all directions when the despatches came away. The Tartar who brought them, gives a dreadful account of the excesses committed by the troops on the whole

road from Constantinople to our frontier. The camp of the Asiatic janizaries at Adrianople is broken up, and the spahis and infantry are burning the villages, shooting the unfortunate peasantry, and fighting each other through the entire country." He concluded by telling her that it was only an act of friendship to prohibit her generosity from encountering this hazard. Her life must be the sacrifice of the attempt to penetrate without a strong escort into any part of Rumelia.

Hebe argued, entreated, implored; but the minister was inaccessible to the spell. His resistance was but made firmer by his passion. He dreaded the certain result of her self-devotement; and when she at last rushed in tears of resentful anguish from the cabinet, he congratulated himself upon the power of self-command that had saved so noble and exquisite a creature for the happiness of society—for perhaps his own.

## CHAPTER XV.

THE young Greek retired to her chamber; but it was not to rest, nor even to linger in pleasing melancholy at the casement which had witnessed so many an aspiration of her desolate heart. A new spirit beat in her pulses. She waited but till the sinking sounds of Bucharest should tell her that she might pass through the streets unnoticed.

At midnight, attended but by one domestic, she rode out of the gates, and set off at full speed to the mountains. By dawn, the magnificent range of the Carpathians rose out of the darkness before her. She recognised one by one, under the purpling of the eastern cloud, the peaks familiar to her childhood; and as she plunged into the rich dells and bowery forests of the lower region of

the hills, felt herself as if she were again among friends unchangeable.

The sight of the summer palace of Cantacuzene, in which she had spent so many days, untroubled by the knowledge that there was evil in the world, brought recollections that almost subdued her. She would have rejoiced to sit once more, if it were but once, under the shade of those vines and roses where she had so often listened to the wisdom of her father's lessons, or cheered his evening with her voice and lyre. But she had a solemn task to do; in the strength of it she resisted all impulses beside; and pausing on a rising ground, from which the palace and the whole luxuriance of garden and fruitage round it were visible, she gave a few moments to fondness and sorrow; then turned away her horse's head, and, without setting foot within those walls of memory, plunged still further into the hills, nor cast a look behind until she reached the dwelling of the father of her lost Theodore.

From the time when his son's death was announced to Justiniani, he had forsworn the world. Misfortune, that softens some hearts, embitters

others; and Justiniani, exclaiming that mankind was one great combination of baseness and cruelty, closed his door against mankind. Solitude, and the constant indulgence of resentful thoughts, had produced their natural effects on the countenance and temper of the veteran soldier.

Hebe had left him full of the animation, kindness, and graceful pleasantries of the best classes of his country. She found his green old age now converted into infirmity. The hair was white as snow, the eye fierce, and the tone embittered and angry. But the father welcomed her as he would have welcomed no other being on earth. He told her that "they were partners in misfortune; and the community of evil made her dear." He took her hand in a hand trembling with emotion; gazed upon her face, as if from it his withered heart were again to drink strength and hope; and when he caught her to his aged bosom, burst into a passion of tender grief, and blessed her as his child. But one purpose was now the living mistress of all her thoughts, and she detailed her project to him without delay.

There had not been in the service a more daring

candidate for every hazardous enterprise than Justiniani in the days of his campaigning. But he shrank from the hazards which the fragile being at his side summoned him to encounter. For himself he had no fear, and might have felt the hand a friendly one that released him from a world of which he was weary; but the exposure of Hebe to the chances, or rather to the deadly certainties of an expedition through kingdoms of armed savages, struck him as a wilful tempting of misfortune and death.

He declared the proposal utterly impracticable by her; but offered to go in her place. Yet, when Hebe looked at the premature infirmity of the old man, and not less the impatience of humankind that broke out in every word, and lighted up every glance of his eyes with resentment, she saw the fate that must befall him from the first fatigues of the journey, or the dagger of the first Turk who crossed his way.

It was now her hopeless task to dissuade the old man from encountering the risk of such a journey. But she found that, if the passions of age are slowly kindled, they are not to be extinguished

but with life. The idea of rescuing his friend and officer swelled continually upon Justiniani's contemplations, until it became like hers, the whole impulse of his being; and before the day was past, he had wrought himself into a belief that the attempt was reserved for him of all mankind; that he had been sustained through so many years of peril for the express purpose; and that his last hours would be happy or wretched according to their devotion to the freedom of Cantacuzene.

To argue with this enthusiasm of friendship was idle; and Hebe applied herself to the next less difficult effort of obtaining leave to accompany her father's friend. She received an immediate and stern repulse. But she was not to be repelled. She argued, prayed, and finally conquered in her turn; and the first glimpse of gray light on the pinnacles of the Carpathian saw them both on their way across the mountain-ridge to Hungary; a long circuit, but the only road by which they could hope to pass unmolested into the territory of the sultan.

The young Greek had reason to congratulate herself on the energy of her decision. Another

day's delay in Bucharest would have seen her under a formal prohibition of leaving the city. The minister's knowledge of her ardent mind had told him that no time was to be lost in saving her even against her will; and his first act on her taking leave was to sign an order for her surveillance, which was to be put in force next morning. But the prize was flown. Surprised and alarmed at the intelligence, he despatched couriers to the summer palace, which they had reached before her arrival on her jaded horses. Had she given way to the indulgence of her feelings, and paused there, she must have been under an arrest; which, well meant and honourable as it might be, would have finished her enterprise, and in the bitterness of disappointment probably put a period to her life.

But now the plains under the safeguard of the black eagle spread before her. Hope grew in her heart. The exultation that all feel on having ascertained their own power to triumph over obstacles that once seemed impossible, danced in her eyes; and as she gave her horse the rein along the level fields of Hungary, then blooming with innumerable wild flowers, and covered with the rapid vegetation

of the south, her old companion could scarcely withdraw his glance from her animated beauty. He had seen her the living image of sorrow, of that deepest sorrow which refuses to solace itself by complaint; the colour of anguish deep in every feature; and at his first sight he had thought her in the last stage of some disease that defied remedy.

The change was miraculous. Health, hope, and love were in her countenance. With the ardour of youth, she predicted success to their enterprise; and distance and time seemed to her sanguine spirit trivial difficulties, as she gazed at the mighty mountain-range that they had passed. "There," said she, "I might have remained like the thousands and tens of thousands now lingering in doubt and danger for want of the determination to cross them. Here the world is before us. If I fail, I shall have the consolation to know that my failure has been by events that no human wisdom can controul. If I succeed—oh, if I succeed!"

Her eyes filled at the thought; and the old man felt but little of the infirmities of age or the exhaustion of the journey, while he listened to her glowing anticipations. To Hebe the world was

illumined by that torch which the ancient fable so gracefully consigned to the lands of youth alone. Hope tinged the monotonous landscape into beauty; and, when at last the towers of the "white city"* rose on the evening sky, she was astonished at the rapidity of her journey, and buoyant with the strong assurance, that once across the dreaded Danube, her difficulties were at an end.

The Turk is a wild beast, and he has the habits of one. When his appetite is roused, nothing stands in the way of its gratification. When his appetite is satisfied, nothing rouses him to effort. He can be as vigilant as the hungry wolf, and sleep as torpidly as the wolf after gorging his prey. Belgrade was asleep. Austria, exhausted by her late wars with France, and encumbered with debt, had no inclination to rouse her Mahometan neighbour; and Belgrade, every stone of whose walls was dyed over and over in moslemen and Christian gore, now lay open like a city of pilgrims. The travellers passed through massive gate and frowning battery unmolested; and making some slight preparation for the passage of the wild

* The literal translation of Belgrade.

tract that spreads from the Danube, turned to the Grecian border, from which they were to reach Constantinople by the only route safe from the armies.

For three days they rode through the deserts of Servia; deserts made more melancholy than the lifeless wilderness, by the scattered traces of miserable life. A mud-cottage, the ruin of a church, the burnt fragments of villages, at immense distances from each other in the bosom of forests, showed that the hand of the tyrant was there in its heaviness. The few peasantry were half naked, and blackened with exposure to the chances of the seasons; and they every where fled from the sight of the travellers, in the customary belief that every coming of the stranger was the signal of new extortion.

Yet those countries were once the garden of the Roman empire. The immense extent from Croatia to the shore of the Euxine was crowded with flourishing cities; was opulent, fertile, illustrated with the finest works of art and architecture, and abounding in a cultivated people, who retained the daring of their northern ancestors in union with the refinement of their Roman sovereigns. But the

hordes of the Caucasus at length fixed among them that banner before which mankind withers and dies away. Pestilence was harmless to the grim despotism of the barbarian Osmanlee. Ruin irrecoverable sat upon the land like night; and after a few desperate struggles, that only crushed the last hope of independence, those struggles of nations on the edge of the grave, that but plunge them more headlong, the Turk was lord of the undisputed soil.

To escape the casual insolence of the spahis going to join the army, Hebe had at Belgrade changed her dress for the common travelling habiliments of the moslemen. The cloak and turban concealed her sufficiently from the passing eye, and the boyar's daughter rode forth from the gate the son of Justiniani.

The value of the precaution was soon to be tried. They were riding up the slope of the Argentaro mountains, when, on entering the ravine through which the principal road leads to the city of Sophia, Hebe's quick ear perceived the trampling of horse. The traditionary horrors of falling into the hands of the Servian banditti, or the Turkish

troops roving on their excursions to gather the taxes, started to her mind, and she implored her companion to turn out of the way, and take shelter in the woods.

But his ears could hear nothing, and he attempted to reason down her alarms by the reputation of the new pacha for an activity which had "hanged up robbers until the name was unknown." The authority of age prevailed, and, with sad forebodings, Hebe rode into the ravine; where, if superb displays of nature could have cured uneasy thoughts, she might have forgotten much in the sight of the spiry cliffs, and the sheets of brilliant verdure that hung on them like drapery. A river, too far below for its roar to be heard, rolled in silver surges through rocks tinted with every hue of the richest marbles. A solitary eagle, roused by their approach, wheeled above in broad circles, the genius of the pass; and the sun still sat in his glory on the summit of the central ridge, colouring tree, river, and cloud.

But a shot from the thicket broke the beauty of the scene, and a sudden plunge of Justiniani's horse showed that the ball had been fearfully near.

The time for deliberation was gone. Hebe cast a single glance to the spot from which they had ascended, but there stood a group of ferocious figures ready to fire. There was no alternative: she must go forward; and, calling to her companion, she darted up the ravine. A dropping fire followed; and her horse, terrified by the sound, dashed away over brake and brier, with a force that she could not master, until he became entangled among the thickets, and exhausted himself.

Hebe's terrors were now for Justiniani, who had not appeared, and yet whom she dreaded to call, lest her voice should bring the robbers on her track. After long anxiety she dismounted, and with her delicate hands urged her way through the overgrown wood. But all was silent. She listened with that intense ear which equally dreads silence and sound as the signals of ruin. At length she heard a low groan, and ventured forward.

A human figure lay on his face in a thicket near the road. He was evidently dying. She sprang forward to relieve her friend. The dying man gave a last ghastly look from the ground; and with inexpressible lightening of heart she

saw that he was not Justiniani. But while she trembled at the sight of death, thus fearfully presented to her for the first time, the robber pointed to a rivulet, to which he had vainly attempted to drag his broken limbs. Hebe flew, brought back successive draughts of the water in a shell, and held them to a lip that was now convulsed with the last agony.

Terrified at the struggles of retiring life, she was withdrawing behind the rock, when she was summoned again by a gesture of the robber. He had recovered his speech, and thanking her for her charity, drew from his bosom a small silver crucifix. "Take this," said he, "in memory of a man driven by misfortune to crime; but if ever you meet Seid Ali, the galiondgee,* show him this token, and tell him that you gave their last draught to the lips of his dying brother." She took the crucifix; the robber turned on his face, and breathed no more.

The young Greek was now left to think of her own desolate situation. The twilight was already

* Turkish sailor.

deepening round her, and to find her way through a region of perpetual forest was hopeless. But to return upon her steps was next to ruin; for she had received too certain evidence that she was in the track of one of those bands, occasionally peasant, soldier, and robber, and, as chance turns, all three at once, that are the natural growth of Turkish government, and make the terror of the Servian traveller.

Yet, to leave Justiniani to perish in the woods was impossible. With a secret horror quivering in every nerve, she re-trod the pass, traced the foot-marks in the clay where the robbers had rushed out, and listened wildly for the sounds of life. But she heard nothing but the rush of the wind rising as the night fell, or the scream of the kites and eagles returning to their nests in this realm of rocks, where they were seldom disturbed by the tread of man. Night came at last, but it was fortunately mild: the stars were without a cloud, and their twinkling in that lofty region and pure atmosphere gave a light sufficient to guide the traveller. But Hebe's slender frame was now utterly exhausted by fatigue and agitation, and

her eyes felt heavy with sleep, in which she dared not indulge.

The utter solitude terrified her; yet she had other sources of fear. From her youth she was familiar with the tales of all the formidable things that beset the wanderer in the Servian forests;—the wolf-packs; the herds of the wild dog; the ounce and bear that ranged the hills; and still more alarming, the superstitious shapes that old ignorance had created in the wilderness. She thought of the water-fiend; of the plague-spirit, that came overshadowing the air in the blackness of the pestilence; of the vampire, that, assuming every varying form of the world of guilt and darkness, fastened its fangs on the human prey; and of the blood-fiend, the fiercest visitant that afflicts fallen human nature—the tormentor that, without striking the merciful blow by which life perishes, sits on the heart with a perpetual weight, and fills the imagination with a perpetual passion for the sacrifice of life, before which the sense of mercy perishes, the consciousness of a common nature with our victims is turned into fury, the man becomes thirsty for slaughter, and assuming

the instincts of the wolf and the tiger, flies at his species, and slays, or, if baffled, rushes out to the woods, and crouches to bathe his jaws in the gore of the first wretch that falls under a strength increased by madness and the fiend beyond the resistance of man.

But the heart of the young Greek was not made to sink under fears of the imagination. She thought of the father of Theodore perishing by famine or wounds if she deserted him, and she felt that to leave him would be to embitter her hours to the close of her existence. From a half slumber she started on her feet to recommence the search, and called out the name of her companion. A few paces onward she heard a low groan. She burst eagerly through the thicket, and found Justiniani.

His hazards had been even more formidable than her own. A shot which struck his horse had soon disabled the animal, and the rider had no resource but to throw himself off, and take to the woods; but the robbers were instantly in pursuit. For a while he ran on; but his strength failed, and he felt himself seized. His captor was alone,

and the habits of the old soldier revived in him with the hope of escape. He made a desperate resistance, and in the struggle they both rolled over the precipice. The fall stunned him, and he knew no more, than that Hebe's voice had filled him with life again.

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE moon was in her meridian, and by her light they slowly made their way. Their remaining horse was quietly grazing on the spot where his mistress had left him. The body of the robber lay on the ground, and Justiniani recognised him as his captor. By another glance he discovered that he was a hussar who had once served in his own troop.

"He was a bold fellow," said he, "given to every kind of excess; but fierce as a lion, and in his time of no small celebrity as an admirer of the fair sex. He deserted from the regiment one night, and by the next morning was on his way to Paris with his bride, none less than an heiress of the haughty house of Herzberg. All Vienna was in wonder; the princes and potentates of the

illustrious house were in an uproar; the whole posse of the Vienna police was in full pursuit; and one half of the regiment was wild with envy, and the other half with laughter. But the fellow knew too much of his trade to be taken. The hussar practice is no bad training for a fortune-hunter."

The old man's spirits rallied as he thought of his days of youth. "The first intelligence of my deserter transpired at Paris. For a week he outblazed every body there; flourished in an uniform that turned all the young *chevaux legers*' brains with imitation; and set the first fashion of diamond rings round their feathers, gold spurs to their boots, and silver pipes from morn till night under their high-born nostrils. Princesses quarrelled for him; and the world went far enough to say that even queens smiled on him. As for the million of marchionesses and that *canaille* of the *soirée* and the drawing room who adore and plunder every body, they of course loved and pilfered the 'handsome hussar,' count or duke of heaven knows what interminable title. But in a little month all was gone—the establishment, the diamonds, and the *cheri des dames* himself,

the 'handsome hussar,' leaving to the world of Paris nothing but his debts, his red pantaloons, and his example.

"His bride was speedily reconsigned to the hands of her superb family. The ladies of Vienna are proverbially compassionate and curious; and as the misfortune might have happened to any one of themselves, they visited the fair traveller by shoals to condole with her on her calamity, to hear how runaway matches were best managed, and to inspect her French caps. The men, adorned with their best meerschaums, visited her in shoals to ascertain how far she was disposed to transfer her hand, and her still large estates, into the possession of any other showy runaway.

"Affairs are rapidly settled, where all parties are already agreed. It was declared that the marriage was vitiated. The fair dame was handed over to her own uncle or nephew, I forget which, as the estate was not to be further hazarded out of the family; and the wedding, which cost but a hundred thousand rixdollars, set all Vienna in delight; and who would not expend a hundred thousand rixdollars to make three hundred thousand souls

happy? For a dozen days the city was in danger of perpetual conflagration from the showers of squibs and sky-rockets; and the most plethora-breeding capital of Europe was in more danger of sudden deaths by feasting than ever it was by famine, from Rodolph of Hapsburg to Sobieski.

"I saw the bride in my last visit to the capital. She was become the very terror of her tribe—virtue armed cap-a-pee; prudence of the most furious kind. Her eye had the vigilance of the lynx in detecting human lapses. She was the public scourge of all offenders, and, like a death's-head, was all ugliness, bone, and morality.

"The hussar emerged again, after long years of the struggles of a ruined gambler and profligate against the ruin that every night brings on the lovers of the die. He had never stirred from Paris. As a man flung overboard starts up from the bottom in the precise spot where he went down, the hussar sprang up from the pool that had buried him. But the luck that had once borne him upon the surface was gone; and Paris, the only capital in which he could have so contrived

to live and hide, grew weary to him. He turned his helm to the Mediterranean; and by one of those strange chances that arrive only to make us wonder at the fortune of knaves, became captain of a Turkish frigate.

"He was dauntless enough; and as he robbed and lavished his plunder with oriental spirit, he might have soared to the honours of some pachalic, or even borne the flag of a capudan pacha. But the genius of the die was at his heels, and he lost every piastre. Strong temptation came in his way too. He was appointed to carry a party of the sultanas and their attendants to one of the summer palaces on the Bosphorus. He took them on board, lingered off the seraglio until night, and then with a flowing sheet darted down the Dardanelles into the Mediterranean.

"The commander of the faithful found his summer palace empty; and tearing his beard, ordered his whole fleet in pursuit of the robber. But he might as well have ordered them on a voyage to the moon. They roved from the Dardanelles to the sea of Azof, while the hussar was throwing the dice again in Malta. He had carried

his fair captives to the African beys, who were charmed with this augmentation of their establishments, and purchased them at his own price. He was not unreasonable, and sultanas were never so cheap at Tripoli, Tunis, and Algiers. His Majesty of Morocco came in for all that now remained on his hands, the frigate; whose value he immediately added to the price of his female cargo, and transported the whole to the Maltese faro bank; from which it was as speedily transmitted to the pockets of the privileged, the principi, contesse, and cavalieri of the most high-blooded generation that ever hated Turk and pilfered Christian.

"From that time he disappeared, and I heard no more of him; though our curiosity in the regiment was often raised to know what had become of a fellow whose exploits, much more than our own, had made our corps the public theme. But I felt satisfied that he was not likely to live in this world, nor go out of it the way of other men, and to-day has verified the conjecture. Yet I am not sorry that, ruffian as he was, an old comrade perished by no blow of mine."

Hebe led the way through the pass, which, though more rugged as it rose, lay in the broad moonshine, and would have offered but few difficulties to the ordinary traveller. But her feet were wounded, and her strength was sinking. She had placed Justiniani upon her horse, for his fall had disabled him; and thus a creature almost as fragile as the wild blossoms round her, and accustomed to all the softness of opulent life, was toiling her anxious way at an hour, when even the most wretched take their rest; and in a wilderness whose rocks and thickets were terrible to the peasantry in noonday.

Yet she sustained it all. She had a purpose, which with her was its own reward. To rescue her father had become the great object of her being; and the sacrifice of life would have been deemed cheap for the preservation of the generous and noble protector of her infancy.

But she had now a new care to overwhelm her. As the day broke, Justiniani's countenance exhibited signs of sudden feebleness. He had received some internal injury, which, at his age, nature was unable to sustain. The movement of

the horse became too painful to him, and he desired Hebe to leave him where he was, and look to her own preservation. She made no other answer than to gather a heap of the heath and dry leaves, which she made into a pillow for him ; and watched at his side until some of the chance passers-by should relieve her.

Day lingered on in this painful uncertainty. She could endure suspense no longer, and took the horse to ride for assistance to the first village. But village there was none. From the summit of the pass her eye commanded an immense sweep of the landscape ; but it was an unbroken sweep of forest: no spire of church, no smoke of cottage, no sound of bell, no ploughed field, no sign that man had ever trod the land since the deluge, met her dejected contemplation.

At length the echo of horns, and cries which reminded her of those which she had heard from the robbers, roused her, and she fled back to where she had left Justiniani. But he was gone. The marks of recent fire were upon the spot where he had lain. Her horse's hoofs threw up the still

living sparkles from the ashes of his bed. But all else round her gave no sign of human being.

The thoughts of some horrid catastrophe to the helpless old man, the fury of wild beasts, the cruelty of bandits, the thousand fearful chances that might happen to the solitary and the feeble in this land of loneliness and crime, crowded into her mind. But to remain was hopeless; and yet, where was she to turn her wandering way? The instinct of her horse saved her from this perplexity. Accustomed to journeying through the woods, as the camel through the desert, he caught sounds that escaped her ear; and no sooner felt the reins loose than, after snuffing up the air from all quarters of the horizon, he made his choice, and galloped forward with a quivering ear and a glancing eye.

In less than an hour he had made his way through the thicker part of the wood into an open space of wild and rocky magnificence, but whose sublimities were gladly forgotten in the evidence that human beings had been lately there. The remnants of trunks and packages were lying on the

grass. A shattered tent-pole still upheld a fluttering fragment of canvas, and a circle of wild dogs were revelling over the remnants of a meal. Hebe started back from those sharers in human hospitality; but they were fortunately too busy to think of her or her steed, and her coming was noticed only by a loud and general howl.

But to pass them was dangerous; while to turn back from the hope of immediate succour was worse. She was about to make the desperate effort, when the clang of horns and the galloping of horses checked her; and in a few moments more a group of riders with lances and fire-arms rushed from the wood, and commenced a general chase of the dogs. The pursuit was brief; for the wood was nearly impenetrable, and the animals had darted away in all directions at the first shot. Hebe next became an object of attention; and the showy horseman at the head of the troop told her that they were the escort of the Neapolitan envoy's wife to Constantinople; and asked for news of the country through which they were to pass. She had but one question to return; it was, whether they had seen her old companion? Their answer

relieved her heart of a weight. "He was found on the roadside, unable to move: they had put him on a mule, and he was now with their party, which they had left encamped a mile or two off, when they rode back to have an hour's ride after the dogs."

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE Neapolitan ambassadress was a handsome woman; and had been handsomer, which she still remembered with the vigour of a first impression; was of middle age, which she was determined to forget; and was married to a little, crabbed diplomatist, of whom the recollection was as seldom as possible suffered to cloud her mind.

The young Greek's passionate joy at seeing Justiniani, and her anxious inquiries, delighted the sensitive spirit of the lady; who declared that nothing was more praiseworthy or less frequent among the sons of old men, than congratulation of any kind on their prospect of long life.

And Hebe's involuntary display of duty was not

the less estimable in the lady's eyes, by its being exhibited by one of the handsomest youths that her travels had ever brought under her observation.

A brief dialogue established the possessor of such a form and such brilliant eyes, in the good opinion of the ambassadress, as the most intelligent and promising young person imaginable, "considering the difficulties of education in any other spot than Naples," and she determined forthwith to complete what was wanting to his education.

Like all the ladies of statesmen, the fair Italian was profound in politics, and settled the world much more easily than her lord contrived to do. Before supper the ambassadress had gone through the embarrassments of every nation of Europe; pointed out their blunders, which "none but fools could have made;" discussed their interests, which "required only common sense in the absurd persons whom kings would persist in putting at the head of affairs;" and concluded by a true declaration of the superiority of the boudoir to the cabinet, in all ages, from Cleopatra to Catherine.

Her hearer, amused by the flights of this voluble arranger of the destinies of mankind, assented to every thing; and the fair orator, as soon as she had recovered her breath after the explosion of politics, declared that she never had heard any young person who "reasoned more justly, was more admirably susceptible of the force of truth, or, on the whole, fitter to rise to diplomatic distinction."

To have answered was till now almost impossible; for the cataract of unexpected wisdom had fairly borne down all attempts at reply. But now the hearer thanked the instructress, and simply mentioned that business of great interest urged her journey to Constantinople.

"Ha! the very thing that I was thinking of for you," said the ambassadress, with her eyes glittering at the happy facility of Geek apprehension. "I shall put you on the list of the embassy at once. The envoy, poor man! wants just such a secretary. You will engage with him of course, and your fortune is made."

"But I have absolutely none of the acquirements for the office," said the listener. "I have no

experience, and but little knowledge. I fear my appointment would be a burlesque."

"Poh, child, three-fourths of all our appointments are nothing else. Can you write your name to a passport? Can you sit at the bottom of the table, or at the side-table if required? and can you fold a letter? If you possess those invaluable acquirements, I promise you that you know and will do as much as the infinite majority of the *secretaires*."

Hebe laughed, and acknowledged that she possessed those essentials for rising in the world of envoys.

"Then," said the Neapolitan, "my charming young friend, I take you under my charge. You may rely on it, that those are the whole art and mystery. If it were any more, how could it be mastered by the generation that they send out to us, for our perpetual plague, and the equally perpetual astonishment of Europe? If a noble of Naples have a tenth son, too stupid for the hope of doing any thing with him at home, or too unruly to be kept within bound, he makes him a consignment to the unfortunate ambassador.

"So runs the system through all the grades of pushing one's own flesh and blood. So runs the world of those delicate but *remote* relationships, that must be fed by some one or other; interesting *protegés*, dropped from the skies in the way of great men; dependants, that no one names, yet every one knows, and so strangely like the generous patron, that as they can neither be suffered to be about the house administering topics to curiosity, nor can be acknowledged with any kind of *bienséance*, they must have the glorious task of serving their country as far from home as possible. So you see, my dear young friend, that if the ignorant murmur at our existence, it is simply because they are not in the secret. We preserve the peace of families, as well as the peace of nations.

"You will find encumbering our palace at Pera twenty marquisses; and twice the number of others, quite as superbly born, but, unluckily, not privileged to bring their distinguished parentage quite so prominently before mankind; and every secretary of them the perversion of a good dancing-master. A few years of this laborious life returns

them to their native shore, thenceforth to rest upon their laurels; and it is to be hoped, returns them excellent guitar-players, dexterous snuff-takers, persevering smokers, and delicate judges of perfumery. For those are their only studies among us for twelve hours a day."

"I have seen some of them in our capital," said Hebe with a smile; "and they certainly raised my doubts of the advantages of travel."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the Venetian; "you have seen them, and yet can smile when you say it. Now, my dear Greek, the very thought throws me into the most incorrigible melancholy for the day. The word *ennui* was expressly invented for the sight of them. Let me meet plain ignorance and absurdity, and I can forgive and forget; but to meet the most intolerable affectation of the emptiest knowledge, and the actual essence of silliness, under the official grimace of sagacity—no; those are trials to which no woman who values her life should be exposed. The *fastidieux* absolutely kills. Of all the bores of earth, the most overwhelming is assuredly the bore *diplomatique*."

"But perhaps the world cannot go on without something of the kind. We must have ambassadors," said Hebe.

"By all means, my dear; or how could my incomparable little lord and master, or a great many other ladies' incomparable lords and masters, keep up establishments? And, however problematical the world may think it, we have our uses. The actual business, 'tis true, is done by consuls and couriers; a Jew pedlar or a native spy; a gentleman 'travelling to see' mountains in the moon, or a physician 'leaving his country for the health' of all that he leaves behind him. But ambassadors are still good, while balls are to be given, the idlers of one kingdom to be introduced to the idlers of another, the newest songs to be transmitted home with the greatest rapidity, and *prima donnas* and *premières danseuses* hired for the opera."

"But this curious state of things can, I presume, exist only in your famous kingdom;" said the Greek.

"Ah! unquestionably, in no other part of the earth;" replied the Neopolitan, with a laugh that

showed her whole set of pearly teeth. "And now I see the table ready in the supper-tent; and we must try something more substantial than the merits of the corps of ambassadors, *du premier, second, et troisième degrès.*"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE tents were struck at day-break; and, to escape the heat of the day, the whole train were on the march before sunrise. The morn was bright, the fields were flowery, the winds breathed soft, the bells of the mules and camels tinkled gaily; and brighter, softer, and gayer than them all, was the fair Neapolitan. Side by side with her pupil, she felt the delights of an approving conscience, in having rescued so very blushing a youth from the hazards of the promiscuous world; and, as wisdom cannot be taught too soon, she poured out her acquirements, and indulged herself with the philosophic contemplation of their effect on the cheeks of the intelligent listener.

The ambassadress was one of those female

absorbents of all kinds of knowledge, those ostriches of literature, which, like her diplomatists, are, it is to be presumed, found no where in the world but in Naples. She was a *philosophe* of the first water; had made a pilgrimage to Ermenonville; had sat in the chair at Ferney; and constantly wore a curl of its master's peruke in her bosom for a memorial of the "enlightener of nations," and best jester from the Alps to the Andes. She knew six languages fractionally, and dove-tailed them all together into the true dialect of the accomplished. She had attended six courses in anatomy, physiology, horology, and the Linnæan system; and had in consequence attained the scientific distinctions between a cameleon and a cameleopard; could discern without difficulty a bee from a butterfly; and defied all attempts to pass off a rose for a marigold. Her astronomical progress had been unhappily broken up by the necessity of rejoining her husband; but she had already advanced far enough to know the sun from the moon with the naked eye.

Hebe was delighted with science so lavish and so profound; and the hours flew along like the

butterflies themselves, until the gilded spires of the ancient city of Adrianople began to twinkle on the horizon like lingering stars.

It was late in the day when the procession which conveyed so much knowledge passed over the tottering and narrow bridge of the Tunsha. The ground was classic; the ambassadress was classic too; and, in right of the title, she confounded names and things without mercy. She pointed out the precise spot where Orestes bathed after his matricide; and, on the strength of her road-book, showed the stone from which the head of Orpheus was flung into the Hebrus. But her observations were brought to a rapid close by Hebe's discovery, that the Albanians who manned the fort under which they were passing, had pointed their guns towards the cavalcade, and were evidently under the impression that she was taking a plan of the works. Antiquarianism gave way at once; and the woman of science, screaming out against barbarism, hurried on the lingering escort with more credit to her sense of danger than to her philosophy.

Adrianople already gave signs of that war which was so soon to burst out on the frontier: cannon

were choaking up the streets, large bodies of cavalry were stabled in the squares, and every spot was crowded with clamorous Albanians and janizaries.

The circuit through those narrow and turbulent streets was long; and Hebe had scarcely presence of mind enough to preserve her incognito by her heroism, as she rode through the clusters of this savage soldiery mingled and quarrelling with the not less savage rabble of a Turkish town. But the Frank quarter was distant; and her heart was sinking under alarm, until the ambassadress pointing to a long range of ruined battlements, overtopped by some dismantled towers, said, "There is the Frank fortress;" adding, "on your arrival follow my janizary, who will lead you to your chamber; and lose no time in equipping yourself, for I must have you at my *conversazione*."

Hebe listened in wonder; but she had been told in the course of the day's instruction, that to be incapable of wonder was essential to the highest order of manners; and she withdrew in silence to the chamber allotted to her. But the attendance of the janizary was not submitted to in such

tranquillity; though the honest Turk assured her that the ambassadress generally had two as the regular attendants of her toilet.

Having seen Justiniani to repose, she now longed for rest herself. But the Neapolitan's order for her appearance soon came in a tone that forbade delay; and with weary limbs and drooping eyes she obeyed the summons of science. Yet, on her entrance into the apartment, her apathy, however high-bred, would remain no longer, and she gazed round with a look of irrepressible surprise. The room that an hour before she had left a naked and solitary scene of stained and dilapidated walls, was now covered with French draperies representing the loves of the ancient mythologies; Isis made love to Osiris, Pan ran after Daphne, and Europa put to sea on the monarch of the herd.

The young Greek turned away from those glowing contemplations of her classic patroness; and was deservedly laughed at for her want of taste. A nude Venus filled up one corner, and an equally nude Cupid another; a bronze lamp from Pompeii, that would not burn, twinkled over the cieling; and a roll of papyrus, that had defied all

the decypherers of Naples, depended from the hand of a gilded Mercury; an herbal, an electrifying machine, and a laurelled bust of herself as Sappho, completed the more prominent furniture of the Neapolitan's chamber of science. Its living ornaments were a Chinese missionary, returning from the Propaganda to Pekin; an Englishman of rank and idleness, travelling anywhere, to travel back again; a German geologist; a Tartar courier, brought in for the oddity of his long queue and yellow cap; a Jew rabbi, whom the ambassadress proposed to convert over his coffee; a fat and jovial-looking Mahometan priest, come to laugh at and live on the Europeans; and a pale thin Greek monk, travelling to beg subscriptions for his convent on Mount Athos.

"You see, *mon cher élève*," said the lady, "good society is to be had every where, if we have but the tact to select it; and as to those statues and antiques, they have travelled with me over half Europe. They are necessary to my feelings. You blush, child; Science never blushes. This is mere rusticity. The eye of taste is no more startled by a Venus, than the Venus is startled

by the eye of taste. You must learn to be an antiquarian and a classic, and look straight forward."

The *conversazione* was but a whisper, until the *petit souper* made its appearance. The cookery was good, the wine was select, and every tongue gradually relaxed. The ambassadress had found the true way to the soul of the wise. But their wisdom was the wisdom of Babel; with the superior confusion of every man's attempting, in the spirit of travelled display, to speak the language of his neighbour.

The jargon was soon tremendous enough to baffle even the lady; and after a few desperate efforts to interpret between the perplexed talkers, she gave up the task for the more congenial philosophy of examining the young Greek's physiognomy.

At last the Englishman, an elegantly-formed and dressed personage, with a visage of languor, tipped with a pair of delicately curled Hungarian moustaches, rose from the side of the Chinese, who had been giving him a lecture on the British constitution,—without any ceremony seated himself on

the sofa beside the ambassadress; and interrupting a most profound developement of the theory of the tender passion, asked "how her Excellenza had possibly contrived, short of miracle, to get so many bores together?"

The fair philosopher would have annihilated my lord marquis, if a flash of rage from the blackest eyes of Italy could wither him for his interruption. But he that hath his quarrel just, is armed in triple steel. My lord marquis, with fifty thousand pounds a year, loving nothing, wanting nothing, and caring for nothing, felt himself at liberty to follow his will through the world. His armour was the triple steel of wealth, self-indulgence, and weary appetite. Nothing could now stimulate him but a new sauce, or vex him but a delay of post-horses.

"I wish sincerely, your Excellenza," said he, yawning in her full vision, "would make a dragoman* a regular part of your travelling establishment. In Turkey, I saw nothing that gave me a higher idea of their common sense than the dra-

* Interpreter.

goman, and their mode of peppering broiled chicken. Now, the dragoman here would reduce all this horrid strife of tongues to silence; but one would speak at a time; that one speak in a whisper; and with a pilaff, pipes, and sherbet, we might imagine ourselves again among the only people who enjoy life upon the map of the globe."

"Then your lordship approves of the exclusion of females from society?"

"Infinitely; as but for that measure the dragoman would be useless. Their superior eloquence would drive the unfortunate officer out of the field."

"Well, my lord, your countrymen are at least candid. But I will engage that at home you feel the weight of our chains after all."

"Yes, overwhelmingly; and for that reason," said the marquis, with a still more prolonged yawn, "I have been absent those three years. You see I have none of our absurd notions of patriotism."

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said the lady, with a full blaze of her eyes upon the apathetic

gallant, "you do yourself infinite injustice. I have no doubt that your very absence was patriotism in the highest degree."

The marquis opened his half slumbering glance, and measured the speaker from head to foot; then, relapsing upon the pillow of the sofa, said, with a silver tone, "There, too, I must yield to your Excellenza. I left many of my equals at home, and am probably forgotten long since; while your Excellenza's equals are hopeless, and your distinctions in Italian society will be long remembered,—perhaps even as long as concert-rooms and casinos are popular."

Her excellenza's early history had been so sedulously obliterated from her tablets, that she was indignant at its revival by any one else; and her indignation was by no means softened by the chance of my lord's becoming the chronicler. But her address seldom slept. This dialogue must not be protracted. The supper was done, and the only escape was cards; which she proposed, with an apology for the introduction of an amusement so inferior to the intercourse of "intelligent

minds." She added to her emphasis on the last words by a propitiatory bow, and one of her very softest smiles to the lounging noble.

"Cards; *carissima mia*," half sighed his lordship, "did I not hear some one say something of cards?"

"It was I who ventured," said the lady, holding out her finely-formed, ungloved hand, in token of truce; "but I can conceive the contempt of the superior order of minds for those trifling contrivances of the idle and frivolous. Here, Carlo," she called to an attendant, "take this *écarté* table away."

The marquis started up. "May I beg that Carlo shall save himself the trouble? Can your Excellenza have so much misconceived my opinion on the subject? From my fullest experience of society I respect those things which you call trifling contrivances, as among the most important instruments of life. Observe the infinite uses of those despised cards.

"They are the sovereign promoters of pleasure; for they destroy that which destroys it—time. They extinguish vanity of exterior; for no female

card-player can care for countenance or complexion. —They annihilate pride; for the card-table instantly puts all on a level.—They are the actual antipodes of hypocrisy and deception; for they have no equal in showing every crevice of the heart, and every wrinkle of the temper.—They prohibit flirtation and its consequent follies, early marriages and a hopeless accumulation of children; for love between card-players is as impossible as love between the wolf and the wolf-dog.

"Then, do me the honour, Excellenza, to observe their positive advantages.—They make the enormous expenditure of time and money on books, graces, and accomplishments, totally unnecessary; for they require but one kind of skill to lead its possessor into the very central circle of good company. —They are more than equivalent to birth, profession, beauty, and talent; for they command with a touch the opulence which the whole four, in innumerable instances, fail to attain.—They provide occupation for a race of human beings that it would perplex a philosopher to find room for in creation.—They devote to activity those hours of darkness which the indolence of mankind wastes

in sleep.—They relieve patrician pockets of their weight, and distribute the burden among a multitude to the full as worthy, but a little more skilful.—And finally, they solve the grand problem of society, and make man and wife mutually useful, from the moment that they learn each other's game, enough to play into each other's hands."

Hebe wondered at this philosophy of kings, queens, and knaves; but her unfashionable wonder was told only by the more unfashionable medium of a cheek crimsoning like a new-born rose. The marquis had seen nothing like it since he left Dover; and he felt some curiosity to know how the phenomenon could have been contrived under the pupillage of the woman of science.

But her excellenza, charmed with the chance of at once drawing off his fire from her history, and of relieving him from a little of that opulence whose burden he had so feelingly described, ordered lights to her table; and taking the cards in her hand, offered them to their panegyrist.

He laid them on the table; languidly pronounced, "I never play;" and threw himself back

on the sofa to indulge his conjectures on the suspicious beauty of the stranger.

But this was an amusement which the ambassadress had not intended to include among the delights of her party; and she drew on a general conversation, by asking the jovial mollah * whether there was any probability of a war.

The fat Mahometan, glad to disentangle himself from a controversy with the Persian on the length of Zoroaster's beard, advanced to the sofa, on which sat the lady like a central luminary, dispensing the beams of science to the circle.

"War is inevitable," said the mollah, bowing deferentially to the ambassadress, "unless my lord the ambassador shall interpose his good offices with the custom-house at Odessa."

"And what on earth," exclaimed the lady in an astonishment which was shared by her assessors, "has the custom-house to do with the business?"

"It stopped a pair of bracelets coming from India to the sultana-mother. The bearer was caught in the attempt to smuggle the diamonds.

* Mahometan priest.

The sultana was in due displeasure. She went to her son, and insisted on his going to war without loss of time; and to war he is going. The Tartar yonder is carrying the dispatches to the Danube."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the ambassadress, "how monstrous that those people should be always quarrelling! I shall not be able to have a single ridotto at Constantinople."

"Cabinets seldom have so good a reason," said the marquis; "the robbery of a fair lady's jewels is unpardonable. Nothing could palliate it, except carrying off the fair lady herself; which would probably have been a satisfactory recompense in the sultana's eyes. Yet it is vexatious. If those barbarians begin to slay each other, it may be difficult to get relays."

The Chinese laughed at the mutual absurdity of wasting money on powder and shot. "Let the Turk lay an embargo on the tobacco, and no Muscovite will ever draw a trigger. Let the Muscovite buy up the opium, and the armies of the brother of the sun and moon will no more fight than an army of wood-pigeons. In China we insult the proudest nation in the world every day of their lives; yet

how long do our wars with the English continue? We seize their people, we sink their ships, we burn their warehouses, we call them beasts and baboons, and tell them that they are not worthy to wash the feet of a cat of the holy Yellow Empire. They burn with rage, and threaten to invade us; we bid them do it, if they will. They tell us that ten thousand of their red coats would pull off all our mandarins' tails, knock the head of the "Eternal Dragon" against the head of the immortal "Blue Bird," and hunt the irresistible Manchu dynasty beyond the great wall.

"We say, let them do it; and we know that they could do it in six months of any year for the last fifty. But do you think that we raise armies, send Tartars galloping through the country, and spend our money on powder and shot? we do no such thing. We stop their tea. We say, 'You shall boil no more of our weeds for your breakfasts.' We lock up our canisters for a week; and before half the time is over we have the proud English on their knees, swearing that it was all a mistake; that the insult was not on our part, but on their's; and that all they desire is to be the humblest

servants of the Manchu, and to drink tea for ever."

Hebe, trembling for the result of her journey under those new difficulties, asked the mollah whether any hope of peace could still be entertained.

"None," said the priest, "none. The sultan Mustapha is a different man from the sultan Selim. He has never made war, and has of course never been beaten. And, if other men are satisfied with the experience of mankind in those matters, sultans are the sons of wisdom, and must take no experience but their own. He must lose an army or two, before he will believe any human being that the descendant of the prophet is not born to walk over the world."

"It is the same in Teheran," said the Persian, wrapping his richly-ringed fingers in his long black beard. "Man comes into the world with a bare chin, and he must take time to let his beard grow. It costs every sophi a dozen battles and a province to learn that he is not a Roustan." *

* The Invincible of Persian romance.

"I am not quite convinced," said the Englishman, "that there is much difference between east and west in the imperial road to knowledge."

"But will the people of the Muscovite and the Turk suffer the experiment to be made?" said the young Greek, who was now taking her first lessons in diplomacy.

"That depends on circumstances," said the Neapolitan. "There are nations that love campaigning, as the highwayman loves the road, for its plunder. There are others that love it, as the Frenchman loves dancing, for the display. But there are others that love it, as the eel loves to be skinned; and the attempt to skin the eel has cost the necks of czars or sultans, just as the Muscovite or the Turk happened most to dislike the operation."

"Her excellenza," said the mollah, "is always in the right. I have travelled beyond the Danube, and know that the northern ass will kick like the southern one. But nature has said, Let the Osmanlee war with the Christian of all climes, no matter whether his beard be black or yellow,

whether he lose his toes by the frost of the Caucasus, or turn them to chalk by the forbidden liquor of the sunny Apennine."

All voices demanded the proof; and the fat mollah, swallowing a cup of that forbidden liquor which had already wrought its picturing on his skin, squatted himself on the floor, and with an air worthy of a professor of political economy, began his demonstration.

"Every man," said he, "has two reasons to shape his conduct in every thing; the one weighty, which he never minds; the other frivolous, but which is his true reason after all. The Osmanlee hates his neighbours, and his neighbours hate the Osmanlee; the politicians say, because they have opposite interests. The politicians are fools. They hate each other, because the one wears a hat and the other a turban; because the one mounts his horse on the left side, and the other on the right; because the one uses a fork, and the other his fingers; because the one keeps the hair on his head, and the other shaves it off; because the one lets his wife show her face, and the other keeps her under lock and key."

"Santa Maria! how fortunate," interrupted the fair Neapolitan, "that the Turks were not the conquerors of Europe! Our ladies ought to raise a statue to Sobieski. What classic model would you advise, my Lord Marquis?"

"Unless the Achilles should be engaged already," replied my lord, "which all the world must feel to be the true representative of a modern hero, I should recommend your Excellenza's choice of the Venus de Medicis. The freedom of the figure would be the most natural emblem possible of the emancipation of the sex."

The fair dilettante cast a steady, inquiring glance towards the statue, as became a woman of taste. Hebe's dark eyes were fixed upon the floor. The mollah resumed in the pride of oratory:

"After distinctions which thus draw the impassable line between empires; who can doubt that they are entitled to burn, ravage and slay each other, as long as they have a dollar or a dragoon among them? But add to those irresistible sources of hatred the bitter facts, that the Osmanli go to bed without taking off their clothes; that they abhor pork; that they think the bow-string more

honourable than the axe; that they pay their civilities, not by bending the head, but by pressing the bosom; that they throw off their shoes on entering a room, and think slippers full-dress; that the men wear gowns, and the women trowsers; that their letters run from right to left; that they leave dancing to those who are paid for it; that their sabbath is Friday; that they never uncover their heads; that their widows wear white; and that, instead of turning their toes out, they turn them in. Here," said the triumphant mollah, "I have not exhausted half my stock, yet have I not given proof that the grounds of war between the believer and the unbeliever are enough to make them slay each other till doomsday?"

## CHAPTER XIX.

HEBE was early awake. After the *conversazione,* she had sat during a large part of the night with Justiniani, whose frame, formidably enfeebled by his fall, yet seemed to experience the sudden revival that security gives after peculiar hazard. She enlivened the old man's spirits by a sportive detail of the evening's philosophy; and returning to her chamber, laid herself on her pillow with that confidence of heart which belongs to the innocent and young. She awoke, like the birds, with the first rosy tinge of the sky, and with a heart as free from heaviness.

The memory of Cantacuzene was there; but the dangers that she must still encounter were exalted into a noble trial; and when she looked upon the

weariness, frivolity, and uselessness of life without a purpose, she felt more than cheered by the consciousness that she had laid down for herself a duty worthy of the expenditure of her heart and her being.

On this duty she was now ardent to proceed; and she had thanked the ambassadress with passionate sincerity for her parting promise at night, that the morning should see them on their road. But all was silent in the long range of chambers. A hundred times she opened her door, with the nervous persuasion that footsteps were approaching to summon her. The huge city was long roused; the smokes of the morning meal were thickening over the roofs; the Albanians were mustering in the markets and squares below; the long trains of artillery and baggage were already seen passing the gates, and trailing their heavy way like lines of loaded emmets up the rising grounds to the north of the city. The delay made her miserable; and when noon was proclaimed from the minarets, she could endure her own perturbation no longer, and ventured to knock at the door of the Neapolitan's apartment.

She found the ambassadress still reclining on her pillows, amusing her leisure with a French romance. The Greek shrank instinctively from this fearless developement of a morning beauty; but the ambassadress had already made those mysterious provisions of colour and ringlet, which alone retard the visit to the continental toilet. The lady insisted on her remaining until she was up. "You have come, *mon cher élève*, just in time to my assistance. I have been horridly perplexed these five minutes to think of what we shall have for the evening; a tragedy or a farce, a concert, or the fantoccini."

Her hearer was all amazement, and expressed a hope that by evening they should be far from Adrianople.

The ambassadress sat up in her bed, and stared with a look of supreme incredulity. "It is impossible that you can be serious, my young and very sylvan friend. The roads are difficult. I am excessively tired. I shall see the ambassador quite soon enough; and I had long since made up my mind to spend a week in the first spot where I could find tolerable society."

Hebe deprecated a moment's delay. She was "ready to set off; and the dangers of the road, if they existed, were more likely to increase than diminish, as, in case of actual hostilities, the troops were perpetually disbanding and plundering on their way home."

"Ingratitude, thy name is man," exclaimed the ambassadress, in a quotation from the romance in her hand. "Why, *mon cher*, all this trouble is for your sole sake. The true diplomacy consists in knowing mankind; and how, in the name of wonder, shall you know them if you throw away such opportunities? Observe, besides, the advantage of taking them so cheap as you have them here.

"You can conceive no idea of the expense of lions in Paris or Vienna. It cost me a hundred and fifty sequins to have an archduke seen sitting at a card-table. Rossini's price for walking into a *salon*, laying his finger on a piano, and pronouncing it untouchable, was two hundred; and Napoleon's mameluke was so exorbitant an exhibition, that it would have absolutely made me bankrupt, had he not consented to an abatement

of the price, on consideration of coming without his court-dress, and remaining but five minutes in the room."

Hebe was in despair, and silently sat with her head on her tremulous hand, thinking alone of the evils of delay.

"The exquisite marquis, 'tis true," continued the lady, "is a specimen of a class to be found in all places, where enormous wealth justifies all kinds of its abuses. He is intolerably insolent, but clever; and he will go the way of his tribe—his life, one of the postchaise, his end one of the pistol. The mollah, too, is the true believer that you will find realised in a thousand circles, where they know no more of Mahomet than of any thing else, always excepting dress, discontent, and cookery. But my yellow-capped and long-tailed Tartar—ah! he would make the fame of any wonder-hunter happy enough to be the first to catch him. His queue is inimitable; and his grim visage and his chattering are worth a treasury to the lion fancier.

"To you, however, he may stand for the representative of the travelling species; a class perpetually flying from place to place until all

interest, curiosity, and information are rubbed out from their minds; and ending in stupidity, worn out limbs, knowledge of inns, and the fragments of every selfish and silly, rude and ridiculous habit from one end of their peregrinations to the other.

" But, my dear friend, since it would be madness to throw away on a single sitting the plaited queue and yellow cap of my Calmuck; now," said she, rising, " let me have your serious decision about the evening's entertainment."

Hebe reasoned, remonstrated, and implored in vain. The lady was, for a while, too well employed in contemplating her own beauties in the mirror, as they grew under the hands of a French waiting-maid, to care for the wisdom or eloquence of mankind. But when the due perfection was complete, she turned to flash the light of her charms on the sensitive soul of the youth beside her. She found Hebe in tears.

She was doubly charmed. No hero of romance could have taken a more touching method of acknowledging his homage. The Greek, trembling at the idea of entrusting her secret with

the volatile being, whose disclosure of it was so probable, and might raise such impediments to her future success, sat for some moments struggling with her emotion. At length, falling on her knee, and pressing the fairest of fair hands to her lips, she prayed "to be pardoned for the disclosure." The Neapolitan conceded the pardon as soon as it was asked, and smilingly awaited the opening of the mystery. "You see before you," said the suppliant, "the adopted daughter of the boyar."

"*Mille diavoli!*" screamed the ambassadress, springing from the hand that vainly held her robe. "Wretch, begone! What monstrous deception!" She called violently for her waiting-maid, who, however, was repairing her own charms, and did not come.

Hebe disclaimed the intention of deceit, and pleaded the necessity of the disguise for female delicacy in so wild a journey.

"Abominable impostor!" was the only reply. "Pretend to female delicacy, and yet wear that dress! Who ever heard of such a contradiction? The Neapolitan embassy shall not be disgraced by your presence a moment longer:—begone!"

The ambassadress darted from the room. Hebe, astonished, went to look for Justiniani, whose grave interposition she thought might produce peace; but when she reached his chamber, she found him ill, and alarmed by the fear of some accident to her in her long absence. He was lying down. His strength seemed to fail him; and Hebe in silent woe sat thinking of the utter helplessness in which they were both involved.

To relieve the closeness of the chamber, she threw open the casement. The courts resounded with many a noise of muleteers, the market people with their barbarian dialect, and the janizaries keeping the crowd in order with whips and outcries. The sounds of the Albanian musquetry, as the troops marched through, firing in all directions, according to custom; and the trampling of the squadrons of cavalry, made a din too loud for Hebe's ear, yet which the old man, in the recollection of his early days, was willing to enjoy to the last. "It reminds me," said he, "of my youth and its companions. I have before my memory the day when our Hungarians marched out of Vienna in the presence of Joseph the Second with my noble friend Cantacu-

zene at their head. Go, my child," exclaimed he, stirred by the name. "You must leave me here. Go and save the boyar." Hebe could answer only by pressing his hand. "I may recover yet: life is strong within me; but, at my time of life, recovery is slow. I should be but an incumbrance to your journey for a while. But I shall follow you, and we shall yet smile at scenes like this, and among our hills escape the world."

Hebe declared the utter impossibility of leaving him in the hands of strangers. He persisted; and at length, to compromise the difficulty, she offered to try whether the angry ambassadress would not consent to take at least him in her train.

As she proceeded on her reluctant message, she was surprised to observe the general silence that had succeeded the tumult of the apartments. A few steps further acquainted her with the cause. The ambassadress was gone; and had left the young diplomatist to lay up with the other lessons of the art the caprices of offended beauty. Comedy and tragedy, *conversazione* and lion-catching, had vanished in the impulse of the hour. The walls were stripped of their tapestry; the

Venuses and Mercuries had flown from their pedestals ; the marquis, the mollah, and the other phenomena, were left to waste their sweetness on the desert air. The ambassadress was already far away, with her mules, her monkey, her science, and her inextinguishable wrath against the unfortunate Hebe.

In the deepest depression of heart, the deserted girl returned to the sick chamber, where she scarcely dared allude to her desertion, through fear of increasing the illness of her patient. But the decay of the sounds could not escape his ear ; and the intelligence that Hebe was left dependent on herself, in the midst of a turbulent city of the enemies of her faith, oppressed him with an anxiety that produced its evident effects on his failing frame.

Towards evening his strength sank still more visibly ; and panting and weak, he desired to be led to the casement to breathe the fresh air. An immense extent of country lay beneath the eye. The habits of the soldier's life had not altogether effaced his original Italian spirit, and he remarked, with lingering pleasure, the fine effects of the

sun-set, as its tinges successively ascended from the plain to the upland forests, and from the forests coloured the mountain chain.

He found in it an emblem of human life. "The peasant on those mountains," said he, "drinks a purer air, and sees a brighter sun-shine than the richest possessor of the plain. Difficulty is, after all, the surest pledge of the surest happiness; and if I now regret to leave you, my child, it is with no fear that your trial will be beyond your strength, or that, like the colours on those rocks and heaths, your path will not yet be brighter and brighter, as you toil up the ascent of life. Be comforted. It has been said that the last words of the dying are prophetic: then again I say to you, my innocent child, be comforted."

With those words he bent down, and parting the hair on her forehead, drew on it the sign of the cross, and pronounced a blessing on her. The sun threw his last gleam on the old man's face in the action, and Hebe saw that it was stamped with death.

She uttered a wild cry, and flew to bring him some wine that stood upon a table at the further

end of the chamber. When she returned, he was dead: his hands still clasped as in the benediction, and his eyes still fixed where he had seen the sun descend.

Life was totally gone, but it had gone placidly; the countenance gave no sign of pain, and Hebe could not bring herself to believe that the grand divorce of the spirit could have left the mortal tenement still so unshaken;—she watched and wept.

In terror, yet in a sense of mingled reverence and duty, she sat beside the dead during the entire night, contemplating, by her solitary lamp, the features in which her eager eye often cheated her with the symptoms of returning life. But sunrise put an end to the pious illusion, and she felt that she had parted with her old guide for ever.

To lay his remains in consecrated ground was her next care. She had been struck with the gentle countenance of the Greek monk, and she descended from the chamber in the vague hope of finding him among the crowd that were even at that early hour pouring into the open air.

## CHAPTER XX.

THE fortress, as it was called, though now dismantled, and chiefly used as a temporary dwelling for the European envoys on their route to and from Constantinople, was of great size; and the various purposes to which every public building is successively applied under the rude government of the Porte, granary, prison, caravansera, and palace, had made so many devious additions to its original structure, that Hebe soon found herself utterly at a loss in the labyrinth.

While she paused to recover her direction, she suddenly saw a rabble of Albanians stretched upon the pavement below among their mules and baggage. The morning was slowly rousing them; and in the hope that she had escaped their eye, she

sprang backward, and gazed round from the summit of the stair, to discover some mode of escape safe from this perilous meeting.

A pistol fired above, followed by a loud laugh at her excessive alarm, turned her eyes to a nearer peril. A huge figure, belted round with an armoury of daggers and pistols, was leaning from the gallery over her head, hammering his flint, and with every feature convulsed with barbarian ridicule.

"So, young soldier," said he, "you are tired of the wars already; but you must learn to stand fire better, or you will disgrace the corps. Here—you have just come in time—help me off with my harness, and get my coffee ready. But, to whose troop do you belong?"

Hebe, in boundless embarrassment at this new perplexity, disclaimed with all her eloquence her having any thing to do with the service. But the man of arms was deaf to persuasion, and swore by his father's head to his having seen her among the icoglans* within the month.

* Seraglio pages.

"However," said he, "you have taken up a better trade than idling all day at the gates of that most stupid of barracks, and carrying love-letters for those rogues of sultanas, who, to save themselves a wrinkle, would see you hung up for every fowl of the air."

Hebe still protested, and strove to escape.

The Albanian grasped her. "What! you hate the seraglio? you scorn the pacha? and you deny the service? Excellent! So you may, if you like; and you may be right enough in them all. But, my good fellow, you must not do things of that kind to me, or, slender as this arm of mine is," and he bared his enormous limb to the shoulder, "it may be thick enough to tie you to my horse's tail, and make you march after your honourable master. But no more words. I am hungry. I have been travelling all night; and unless you would have me devour you, go and get my breakfast ready."

He unrolled from a bundle beside him a small coffee equipage of exquisite finish, and embossed with coronets. "You approve of those trifles," said the Albanian, as he saw the involuntary glance from

the cups to their rough owner. "They are pretty things, and should encourage a beginner in our profession. Such accidents never fall in any one's way but a soldier's. If I had been sleeping in my bed last night, like the lazy shop-keepers of this great carcase of a city, I should not have fallen in with the two perfumed and lace-covered gentlemen who were glad to make me a present of it for my trouble. How their illustrious master will look at his pair of valets, I neither know nor care. They were glad enough to get quit of me at any price. But Italians will be Italians all the world over; as I have found from the day when I first set out on my travels from the famous port of Durazzo, which may the saints long supply with salt fish, fresh miracles, and fat friars!"

The young captive had no power to remonstrate with a giant, a dozen pistols, and a scymetar that would have cloven down an ox. She kindled a fire upon the stone floor, made the coffee, and presented the result of her labours with an unconscious grace that caught even the spahi's eye.

"I take you into my service," said he, throwing one of his belts with a dagger and a brace of pis-

tols over her shoulder. "You will have nothing to do but to ride in the rear of the troop, to prepare my breakfast, dinner, and supper, to rub down my horse, clean my arms, mend my accoutrements, brush my boots, forage for my provisions, sit up at night when I am out on patrole, and whatever other trifling matters may be necessary. You see you will lead a life of idleness; but I hate putting too much on young shoulders, and you shall have to yourself all the time that you are not employed about me; and lucky are you that you are enlisted in the squadron of the renowned captain of the tenth regiment of spahis, Petro Androphono Polemo."

Hebe had no words for her acknowledgment of this sinecure life; and the captain had begun to initiate her into its indulgences, by an order to unroll his mattress for an hour's rest after his night's excursion; when a trumpet sounded below, and he started up to answer the call. He made a few angry steps, but turned back to give his parting wisdom.

"Young fellow," said he, "look upon yourself as born under a bright star. You will be delighted

with me. You might have fallen into the hands of some aga or pacha who would have harrassed you to death. But I must leave you to your own company for a minute or two. May the black breath of Mahoun be upon the brute of a seraskier who will not allow a brave officer time to stretch his limbs ! Remember, I shall find you here at my return. I rely upon your honour."

With those words he unbuckled a saddle-girth, and fastening it round her wrists, left her tied to the pillar of the stairs.

But this dependence on her honour was not to be tried too long. The captain soon came back, and in too high indignation to do any thing but murmur curses on every body. He took up the package in which the coffee service had been stowed, and putting it into the hands of his new domestic, sullenly led the way through the galleries to a door, before which were drawn up a guard of janizaries.

The door opened, and Hebe, to her surprise, found herself in the formidable presence of his highness the seraskier, surrounded by a crowd of magnificently dressed officers and attendants; but

her surprise was still more excited by seeing the Englishman of the *conversazione* seated near the Turk, and amusing himself with making alternate notes and caricatures of the scene.

The captain had been summoned to account for an attack on a carriage containing the French and Italian valets of my lord, with a part of his plate. The luckless coffee cups had been seen by some of the troop; and the seraskier, an old acquaintance of the marquis during his residence in Constantinople, was determined to exhibit a brilliant example of Mahometan justice in full court.

When Hebe had recovered her first consternation, she cast a look of wonder at this wielder of the might of the Ottomans. The Turkish generalissimo had been originally a maker of turbans; and a beggar he might have lived and died, had he not, from the covering of the head, fortunately turned his talents to the uncovering of the chin, and become a barber.

His new trade too was a bad one; for the Turks keep their beards and their resentments better than any people on earth; and the barber might have perished on his profits from the chins of the Genoese

and Sardinian sailors that haunt Galata :* but accident was his friend ;—accident, that great and mysterious elevator of so many personages whose rise leaves the world in wonder ;—accident, the sovereign patron of blockheads, threw a case of English razors in Ibrahim's way. He made them his own by the law of possession, and cleared the few faces that came before him with a dexterity unparalleled since the days of Haroun Alraschid.

In Constantinople, public events are not so numerous as to obscure the fame of a pair of English razors in the hands of a moslemin ; and the court is of course, of all spots in the capital, the most in want of news. Ibrahim was summoned to the foot of the king of earthly kings, and ordered to exhibit his performance on the beards of a group of the indignant bostangees; who, however, were thankful that the sultan had not commanded the operation upon their throats. His skill excited the grave admiration of the monarch. In Turkey, they wisely think that genius knows no restriction ; and that a man who does one thing well, only

* A suburb of Constantinople.

conceals his talents if he does not triumph in all. Thus the cobbler of to-day is the capitan pacha* of to-morrow; the sultan's story-teller puts on the turban of the reis effendi,† carries on negotiations, still pretty much in the style of his old trade, and makes treaties that puzzle mankind; and thus Ibrahim, from his talent in flourishing the razor, was felt to be the very man chosen by Providence to flash the sword-blade in the eyes of the Muscovite.

He obeyed, as all men obey the Porte, with the consciousness that he might better run the chances of being bayoneted by the enemy, than the certainty of being strangled by the sultan. But the experiment was not destined to be successful; and in the round plethoric figure and vacant visage before her, even Hebe's unpractised judgment could pronounce that the best of barbers was spoiled to make the most disastrous of generalissimos.

But the case in court was too simple to perplex his intellects, even if he had been born a cardinal. The bold Albanian had left too strong a picture of

* High admiral. † Secretary of state.

himself fixed on the valets' feelings, to be able, notwithstanding their rival fright and jargon, to disprove the meeting; and the single resource for his honour and his neck was his "conceiving that they were contrabandists;" and his intention of "requesting that the seraskier would make him the most fortunate of men" by accepting the trifles thus seized.

"Those," said he, "I have now brought before his highness; and, since the seizure has been a matter of mistake, here they are for the right owner." The coffee set were displayed on the floor. Their beauty was not overlooked by his highness; and after long and minute inspection of the workmanship, he ordered them to be restored to the noble marquis. But the Englishman had seen the countenance with which the order was given, and he positively declined receiving them. They were "such mere trifles, and which he could so easily replace on his return, that he only regretted their being too unimportant for his highness's acceptance."

The strife of generosity was carried on for a while; but Ibrahim at last condescended to give

way, and the plate was put into the hands of his master of the household.

Now was the crisis of the young Greek's fate; and her thoughts wandered from demanding the assistance of the Englishman, to throwing herself on the justice of the pacha. But she rapidly dismissed both expedients. The justice of the pacha would probably have been exchanged for some act of tyranny, where a Greek was concerned; and from the assistance of the Englishman she shrank. His glance had already shown that her dress could not disguise her; and, under those circumstances, she felt that even the Albanian was the safer master. She buried her head among the crowd that blocked up the entrance to the hall, and felt herself relieved of no slight anxiety, when the captain, striding away sulkily from the seat of power, called out roughly to his menial to follow.

The offence of depriving a plunderer of his prey was not the shape which the seraskier's justice took in the Albanian's eyes. His soliloquies, as he sat at the meal prepared by the delicate fingers of his slave, disclosed the feeling that it was himself

who had been robbed. "The pacha's villainy had mulcted him of his pay." His occasional gatherings on the road being the only pay which he ever expected to receive, his wrath was so irreconcilable, that Hebe, though full of sorrow for the neglect in which she was compelled to leave her only friend to the chances of sepulture, dared not interrupt his meditations.

Once she mentioned this act of duty; but Petro Polemo was utterly incredulous, and told her that "all deserters must be shot." She had no time for entreaty. A despatch from the frontiers hurried the army forward; the whole body of the cavalry were ordered to proceed instantly; and the seraskier, angrily roused from his after-dinner's sleep, led the march; in which Hebe, on horseback, in the midst of a horde of warlike banditti, followed her master.

## CHAPTER XXI.

At sun-rise the spires of Adrianople were low in the eastern horizon; and Hebe saw, with silent grief, that every step led her further from the object to which she had devoted her life. Before her lay the immense plain or succession of plains, crested by the Balkan, that ancient ridge of Mount Hæmus which has so long served as the barrier of the Porte against European invasion.

If she could have a thought but for the ruin which might be at that hour encircling her father, she might have grieved over the desolation of this once famous land. The wreck of cities, the wreck of the human race, the vagrant soldier, and the wolvish robber, were the only evidences that those luxuriant plains and rushing rivers and

magnificent hills had ever witnessed the face of man.

From the banks of the Maritza, that Hebrus, of which poetry has recorded so many lovely legends, the cavalry traversed a desert, yet covered with the most delicious and various vegetation, from the green leaf of the oak to the bloom of the opening rose. The crocus, the anemone, and the wild tulip, inlaid the fields with the colours of a floor of mosaic; and the innumerable birds of every song and hue, that rose before the sun, gave animation to the broad and solemn beauty of the landscape.

At the close of the second day, the cavalry had reached the foot of the Hæmus, the Balkan swelling with its long range of cones against the northern sky. The singularly broken and rocky face of the ascent appalled the troops. The day had been intensely hot; the march had been long; and the cavalry, totally wearied, began to demand orders to rest for the night. But Ibrahim dared not delay. After a half hour's halt, the trumpet sounded: the spahis, furiously angry, yet obeyed;

and the whole ten thousand cavalry were forced up the acclivities of the mountain.

During the earlier part of the day, the Albanian had rode on sulkily at the head of his troop, which were stationed near the centre of the immense column. But on hearing the order for the night movement, Hebe, whose eyes were quickened by her eagerness to take advantage of the first opportunity of escape, observed his countenance throw off its clouds; he resumed his natural rough good humour, talked loud, and descanted on the "glory and the gold that the regiment were sure to gain before the month was over."

Night fell; and as the crowding of such a multitude through the broken roads of the Balkan produced increasing confusion, the Albanian's troop, apparently with the object of avoiding the pressure of a large body of Karamanian horse, following them in charge of the pacha's baggage; halted on a height until they passed by, and then fell leisurely into the rear.

Towards the summit of the range the defiles, always narrow, grow yet narrower, and more

obstructed by the rocks that every winter loosens in vast masses from the heights. The Turks leave every thing to nature ; and in those entangled roads the confusion of the jaded cavalry of course rapidly increased. The night was at once intensely hot and heavy with storm ; and the thunder rolling on the crown of the hills soon rendered it impossible to hear the signals for the different corps. Torches were lighted in vain ; the gusts of wind either dashed them out, or tossed their flame in the eyes of the guides. The screaming of horns, trumpets, and commands in various tongues, only swelled the disorder. Every step now made the march more a scene of confusion. The thunder bellowed heavier above. The shouts, curses, and trampling of the troops, made a more tremendous din below : the corps were mixed together; the baggage-mules broke down, and choked up the way. And all was done under a night of pitchy darkness.

At once, in a pause of the gale, a sound was heard, that instantly checked every voice of man. A low peal that seemed to come from the bosom of the hills echoed round the horizon. It in-

creased: it was not thunder, nor like the discharge of artillery, but a deep and hollow roar, at which the stoutest heart felt itself appalled; and many exclaimed that the ground was shaking under them, and threw themselves off their horses to escape the earthquake.

But doubt was soon at an end. Even in the darkness of the hour, a broad white streak was seen to play on the distant summit of the mountain range. It quivered and glimmered for a while. Then followed a roar, and a rush of waters. A cloud had burst on the hills, and filled all their channels. Innumerable cataracts came foaming, bursting, and thundering down. The roads were chiefly the dry beds of those torrents; and they were instantly inundated. Flight and struggle were equally useless. Horse and man were tossed and whirled away like the foam on the surface of the ocean. The devastation of the waters was made still more ruinous by the vast fragments of rock and timber that rolled down the torrents. The forests on the mountain sides were rooted up; and the patriarchs of the woods, gi-

gantic oaks and pines, that had stood for centuries, came sweeping down the precipices, and crushing every thing in their way.

In the midst of a tumult that was enough to overpower the sternest fortitude of man, Hebe, clinging in terror to the neck of her plunging horse, felt its rein suddenly caught, and the animal dragged up a height at the side of the road. A flash, that tore the darkness asunder, showed her the Albanian tugging at the bridle, and pointing to a broad rock on which a few of the cavalry were gathered. His sagacity had foreseen the storm, and by falling into the rear he had at once escaped the overwhelming rush of the broken troops, and allowed of his seizing the only height unreached by the waters. But he had from the beginning another object in view, which no casualty of nature could efface—the double purpose of rapine and revenge.

The cloud, which had hitherto concentrated itself on the crown of the hills, discharging its freight of waters as if the fountains of heaven were opened, now began to expand over the whole mountainous region, pouring out incessant

sheets of lightning. Hebe looked round with an eye of unspeakable awe at the powers of angry nature. As far as the gaze could reach, the white columns of the cataracts were seen tearing away the face of the hills, and encumbered with the wrecks of the army. Waggons, mules, camels, and the bodies of men and horses, were rolling down the sudden rivers at her feet. On the various projecting points of the hills, little groupes of dismantled and hardly-escaped beings were seen clustering together. From time to time a burst of waters dividing from its old overladen channel, made a new course for itself; and dashing on those trembling groupes, hurled them down the precipices. A general shriek, and the tossing of hands and turbans along the ridges of the foam, were all that told of this fearful addition to the ruin: in the next moment, even those were over. The thunder above, and the cataract below, were all the sound.

After a night of havoc, the peals passed decaying up the heaven; and the lightnings began to grow pale. The Albanian, who had for some hours sat with his troop on the ground, clinging to the rocks and stunted trees against the gusts that none could

have resisted upright, now sprang on his horse; and ordering his men to mount, and be in readiness to move on his return, galloped down the broken road alone.

He soon came back, and the troop followed him upto their horses' necks in water, to where, in the channel of a subsiding torrent, lay a heap of waggons, with the few remaining cavalry of their escort gathering hopelessly about them.

The captain's orders to attack the escort, to pillage the waggons, and to fly with the spoil, were not more rapidly given than obeyed. The pacha's body-guard thought that an exhibition of their valour, where their master was not present to do them credit, was useless; and they were only too happy to be suffered to join the exploit, and ride off with their share of the spoil. The waggons were immediately battered to pieces; and the invaluable cargo of silk, spices, and jewelled boxes, that the seraskier had taken with him on the private account of the protecting sultana to smuggle into the hands of the Frank Jews, was confiscated on the spot by the paramount authority of the scymetar.

But the captain, in the midst of treasure and

triumph, was still dissatisfied. With the rein of Hebe's horse on his arm, he darted from waggon to waggon; and as each showed its opulent contents, the young Greek saw with surprise his impatience for its thorough emptying, and his discontent when its last hoards met his exploring eye.

Disappointment had already risen into wrath; and if the pacha could have been visited by ill fortune down to his grave by the prayers of a captain of horse, never would pacha have been more unlucky. But a sudden pull of Hebe's charger upon his arm restored his temper. The animal stood snuffing and staring at some impediment, which continued to offend him: the waters were heaving against his knees the carcase of a mule. The captain gave it a blow of his pike. The clang of metal resounded: he dragged a package from its floating back, and opening it, with a cry of exultation displayed his prize. It was the memorable coffee-service.

He pulled out a few papers and trifles more, and burst into obstreperous mirth.

"So runs the world," he exclaimed. "That overgrown thief, the seraskier, thought to rob me

of my right, and stuff my property into his baggage. But I had sworn that, come what would, I should make him refund. The thing might be but a feather; but the honour of a soldier was touched; and feather as it was, I would have seen the holy standard turned into a carpet for an Austrian lap-dog, before any pacha under the moon should wear my feather in his turban.

"I have watched for this chance, boy, ever since we left Adrianople. I would have watched for it till the end of the campaign, or of the war, or of the world. And I should have had it; or neither my pistol, carbine, nor scymetar, would have been worth the carrying. I saw the storm coming on, and it has saved me some trouble, and perhaps some blood. But here is the true jest after all."

The troop had now gathered round him, and were in full sympathy alike with his laughter and his wrongs. "The robber was himself double-robbed. The pacha thought that he had my prize safe; but the pacha's pipe-bearer decided otherwise, pilfered his plunder, and was pilfered in turn. This mule, which nothing but the mercy of St. Nicholas, the saint in heaven who has never

deserted me or mine, could have thrown in my way, belonged to the slave of the slave, the pipe-bearer of the pipe-bearer; and here, my heroes, if any one of you has the grace to know his letters, you may read the whole history."

The harangue was received with loud applause. The captain flung the papers among his heroes, gave the service so precious to his honour into the especial charge of Hebe, and then ordered the whole to collect their property and move to the rear. Never was military operation more unhesitatingly performed. The waggons were naked shells in an instant: the bales and boxes were piled upon the backs and slung by the flanks of the horses; and the whole troop glided down the miry and silent ravine, without noise enough to have disturbed a mole.

To avoid alike pursuit and rencontres with the spahis which were daily advancing to the frontier, the troop directed their movement eastward, through the broken country that extends along the foot of the hills to the Black Sea; and Hebe, in the midst of her alarms at the wild life into which she had been driven, yet cast many a gaze of

wonder and admiration at the superb scenery of the Balkan.

She had not yet seen the Alps, and could not contrast their abrupt and awful grandeur with the calm magnificence of the landscape before her. The brilliant Alpine pinnacle, the glacier, and the wilderness of eternal snow, were not there. But she saw huge pillars of mountain, basaltic columns of a thousand feet high, disposed as if they had been reared by nature for some superhuman palace; precipitous walls of marble, that it overwhelmed the eye to look upon; and forests as old as the land, deepening over sunless ravines, and covering the space of provinces with their shade.

Under a clump of one of those forests, which seemed never to have been touched, but by the dews and airs, since creation, the troop halted during the heat of the day. The pacha's baggage had supplied more than merchandize; and even the liquors hated by the law were found among the possessions of the generalissimo of the faithful. But the Albanian felt a higher zest in the libation to his honour made from the coffee urn; and while his fierce soldiery were luxuriating in Tokay, he

stretched himself on his leafy pillow, and enjoyed the grace of the young Greek in filling cup after cup of the enchanted draught that makes even mollahs dream of paradise.

At last the double delight of revenge and taste paused, and he turned to his young attendant. "You are melancholy, boy; but why, my brains cannot imagine; unless you have left some silly girl weaving roses and lilies for you, that you never expect to wear. But come, I am in a good humour now, and can bear a little of this foolery of crying for your love, or perhaps for your paramana.* Here is your share of the night's work, and learn from this specimen the glorious life that lies before you."

He flung a purse full of sequins at her feet. She attempted to decline the present; but the captain's look showed that she could not be disinterested with impunity. She took it from the ground and fixed it in her girdle.

"There," said he, "you begin to look like one of us; the carbine over the shoulder, the pistol in

* Nurse.

the sash, the scymetar by the side, and the purse in the girdle, a man can go round the world, and care for no one. Be encouraged by my luck. I began life no better than you, though I was not fortunate enough to find so good a master.

"I flogged mules from Salonica to Patras twice a year for ten years of my first twenty. But I had too high a heart within me for my profession. Luckily, my old rogue of a Turkish master struck me one day. I knocked him down in return; and with his purse, every piastre of which he owed me, his pistols, and both his ears, I walked off to join the capitan Callimachi on the top of the Pindus.

"After serving three years as a klepht,* I grew tired of being starved, frost-nipped, and fired at; and demanded my discharge. The capitan said that I was too brave a fellow to be let go so easily; and I soon gave him reason for wishing that he had taken me at my word. I predicted misfortune to him, and fulfilled it by setting his house in a blaze over his head, and sending a blunderbuss-

* A mountain robber.

full of bullets after him as he jumped out of the window.

"I now had fortune before me, and I followed it by taking service with the bey of Tripolitza. He was a brave old fellow, and loved the brave; and I there led a life of profit and pleasure. The bey loved wine, too, and in his cups would say and sign any thing. I made myself his prime minister on the strength of supplying his table; and every bottle that I smuggled into his highness's cellar was worth its weight in gold to me. I wrote orders on the peasantry, which they paid with a promptitude worthy of my reputation for bringing the refractory to a sense of their duty; and in six months I was rich enough to offer the grand vizier the price of my master's pachalic.

"But no man can be always fortunate. To secure me to his interest, the pacha had given me one of his wives. This marriage promised to fix me for life. But who can always read the stars? It was my ruin. The handsome Fathme had felt herself degraded by quitting the harem of an old rogue, who had an establishment of forty wives,

for the honours of matrimony with a young hero, who had yet but four.

"Women are lovely superfluities; and for superfluities one has always to pay dear. Fathme was an exquisite creature, but as malicious as a serpent. She watched my movements, opened my letters, discovered my bargain, and made a hundred sequins by delivering me up to the bastinado.

"On the very evening when I expected my trusty messenger from the Porte with the order for throwing the pacha into chains, I was visited by the pacha in person, confronted with my messenger, who had betrayed me; with my wife, who disowned me; and with my own slaves, who were ordered to strip, whip, and kick me out of Tripolitza; which three things they did to the letter.

"I was now a man of the world again, and had my choice of turning Jew, Moslemin, or whatever I chose. Of all professions I was equally free, and might have made my bread like others. But I had a little honesty, and a little humanity left, and was thus disqualified for success in the learned professions. But while I was

thinking of the still nearer probability of being starved within the next twenty-four hours, I was roused from my lair among the tombs of Tripolitza by the sight of a veiled woman. It was my wife. Many a man has been startled by such a sight before. But I was angry as well as startled. Her voice stopped my hand. She told me, that though in her indignation she had given me up to the pacha, she had repented of it as soon as the mischief was done. She had seen my ruin with the composure of justice; but the elegance of my figure, as I stood tied up to be flogged, compared with the crooked old pacha's, had changed her mind at the instant. She waited only for night to make her escape to the man of her heart; and in proof of the sincerity of her affections, she had plundered the decrepit tyrant of every valuable that she could lay her hands on.

"My anger died away at the sight of her night's work. She had made capital use of her time, and came loaded with pearl, amulets, topaz rings, and a bag of gold. To reward her taste, I took her to the hills, lived with her for a year of dutiful wedlock, and might have lived with her longer had

she brought me any thing but a daughter. But I thought by this time that one woman was enough in a house; so I sold my sultana to the best bidder, and sent her on her travels to Africa.

"But now, boy, listen to the object of my story. You are a showy young fellow, too slight, however, for this galloping life of ours; and, having had the ill-luck of a learned education, you will probably never have a taste for better things. My daughter is the beauty of the mountains. You shall have her, with as many goats, mules and sequins, as sixteen years of a life spent in the skirts of every camp, where there was any thing good to be got, could gather for her dowry. She might have captains by the score. But I want no son-in-law that will cut my throat for living too long. You would rather, I dare swear, cut melons or cabbages. In one word, I have taken a liking to you; and all that you have now to do is, to think of my offer, while I fall asleep."

## CHAPTER XXII.

THE captain lost no time in consulting an indulgence so well earned by his morning's march. He wrapped his cloak round him, turned on his side, and was fast asleep in an instant. With Hebe there was but one thought, that of escape. Yet where was she to turn, even if she could evade the pursuit of those fierce riders, in a country familiar to them, but where she must be bewildered at the first step?

On every side of her rose barriers that might have restrained all but the ambition, or the rapine of man. Inaccessible heights, defiles, to whose depths the summer never pierced, forests tangled by the wild luxuriance of ages, and impervious to all but the sliding of a serpent or the flight of a bird, were

round her; or, if she reached the plain, the robber and the soldier were there.

She revolved in her harassed spirit the quiet life that might be found in abjuring all that she had been, in abandoning a pursuit that the will of Providence seemed hourly to prohibit more and more, and in mutely submitting to the fortune that destined her to live and die far from her home.

"The life of the camel driver, the shepherd, and the vine-dresser, what did they offer but the true enjoyments that wisdom seeks, without the attendant troubles of the civilised and social world? health, cheerfulness, competence, and peace; without guilt, danger, or distrust; the labour of the day sufficient for its sustenance; the night undisturbed by the dreams of the disappointed and the unhappy.

"Yet, was she to suffer the noblest of human beings to perish in chains, while any sacrifice of her powers or her life could save him?"

The image of the boyar in his dungeon rose upon her mental eye. Another image was there too; but more remote from her human sensibilities. She saw Theodore dying; she heard his

last voice uttering her name; she saw him dead; and she asked herself, what was this world's peace to her?

Her resolution failed no more. On the spot, she knelt, and with clasped hands and upward eyes, solemnly pledged herself to dismiss all wavering from her mind, and follow through good and ill her devoted course till it was checked by the tomb.

While she knelt, in the stillness of an hour when every bird and insect were hushed from the noonday heat, an unintelligible sound caught her quick ear. It increased; and so much reminded her of the murmur which had preceded the memorable storm of the hills, that she roused the slumbering Albanian. He scolded her childish vigilance, which had "cost him a glorious dream of rifling the sultan's jewel chamber."

But she persisted, until the captain, less to satisfy himself than to convict her, mounted his horse, and galloped to the outskirts of the forest. He came back irritated at the needless disturbance. The day was clear, the plain was empty, the mountains were silent; and he flung himself upon the

ground, with a fallen tree for his pillow, to recover, if he could, the vision of spoil.

Hebe sat down to her task of polishing his pistols; but her task was not long; for she saw him spring up from his bed as if a snake had stung him. "You were right, boy," said he, with an execration: "the rascals are coming. Put your ear to the trunk of that tree." It was hollow, and Hebe distinctly heard the trampling of a large body of horse. The troop were sulkily roused from their sleep; but they fell in at last, and they swore like their captain to be revenged on their disturbers.

All was now in readiness for fight or flight; but Petro Androphono Polemo's bold countenance was grievously fallen. "I mismanaged my business last night scandalously," said the captain. "Plunder should always be kept quiet. Now the pacha's baggage was rather too openly ripped up, and I saw other eyes than our own watching the performance. So, here they are coming to claim their share of an honest man's work—which, if I let them have, may Zatanai——"

A shot that struck his charger in the nostril, and

made the animal scream with the pain, stopped his vow. The whole forest was in a moment a scene of desperate encounter.

Large detachments of the pacha's irregular cavalry separated from the main body by the storm, and perfectly cooled in their military ardour by this foretaste of service beyond the hills, had, in the usual way of those feudatories, turned towards home, living by plunder on the road. The Albanian's prize had not escaped the observation of speculators fully as acute as himself; and the only unanimous feeling among the fugitives was that of making him disgorge the whole wherever he should be found. A few adventurers had at their own risk followed him close. His unwary security had suffered a dismounted troop to steal upon him during his halt in the wood, while the cavalry advanced at a slower pace to seize the fugitives on their emerging; and the master of the coffee cups must now fight for them, or see them scattered among the Zoes and Psyches of the suburbs of Constantinople.

The skirmish grew furious: every tree had its marksman; and the fire was poured in with a pre-

cision and heaviness that in a few minutes broke the Albanian's troop. Horse and man fell thick; and the air rang to the rattle of musketry, the shouting and groans of men, and the trampling and bellowing of the wounded horses. But during the maddest of the struggle, Polemo's presence of mind never deserted him; alternately firing his pistols, and sweeping his scymetar, and with every shot and blow bringing down an assailant, he still held the bridle of Hebe's horse on his arm, whether through love of the redoubted coffee cups, which had remained packed upon her saddle, or through regard for his future son-in-law. His activity was unceasing; he plunged and darted through the thickest of the wood with the agility of a squirrel, and at each plunge with so deadly a result to the enemy, that their hearts began to fail, and their fire was slackening.

"We shall beat the rascals at last," said he, turning round to his half-dead companion, while he coolly wiped the gore from his Damascus blade.

"But by Allah," he exclaimed, "what is here?" A cloud of smoke swelled up from the

brushwood. "Have they set the forest on fire?" His conjecture was true; the main body of the cavalry had already rode up to the skirts of the wood, and checked by the risk of entering where the continued clamour gave them the idea of a larger force than they had expected to meet, took the summary method of driving the game into the plain, by burning their cover.

The ground, heaped with fuel, dry from the heat of the weather, soon blazed like a furnace. The oaks and pines, loaded with the creeping plants and unctuous excrescences of unchecked growth, were soon solid pillars of fire; and the roar of fight was buried in the wilder roar of the universal flame.

The havoc was not the less for the cessation of the sword. Hundreds of horsemen, in their impatience to share the plunder, had dashed into the thickets, and the crowd, now at once entangled by the intricacy of the ground, and blinded by the intense smoke, were being crushed by the trees as they fell, or blasted by the intolerable flame. The fire darted and whirled through the forest on all sides, until the plain began

to share the conflagration; where the grass and weeds, as combustible as touchwood, carried it on with fearful rapidity.

The bodies of cavalry which had hitherto remained on the watch for the fugitives, now found themselves forced to move, and the starting of their unmanageable horses at the scorching heat, and the masses of suffocating smoke that rolled on them, made it equally difficult to advance or retreat. Some broke through the circle of fire, and escaped. But the chief portion were totally enveloped. The smoke, in vast billows, burst over and bewildered them, until their retreat was cut off by flames shooting along the ground with the swiftness and breadth of sheets of lightning. The only enemy now was the fire, and it was a tremendous one. All was confusion, shouts, and groans; horses dashing against and overthrowing each other, and soldiers struggling and trampled under their feet; or flying with mantles and turbans on fire through the defiles, until their strength failed, and they lay for the kites, wolves, or some torrent to close their career.

Hebe, too much terrified to know her full danger,

followed the Albanian as he indefatigably forced his way wherever the chance of safety opened. Pursuit was at an end. Human weapons had ceased in the presence of the mightier destruction, and the sagacity of her guide was exercised only in discovering where the fire had most exhausted itself.

While he stood for the moment perplexed, in the centre of a high circle of trees, charred with the flame, and threatening a fall which would crush him to powder, a superbly clothed horseman galloped by. The Albanian was awake at once, and with a howl between rage and exultation, sprang after him. An exchange of shots and a clash of swords was heard; and, to Hebe's horror, she saw her companion ride back, holding up a head by the bloody locks.

"I owed him my thanks those twenty years," said he. "This was the aga that stood by my bastinadoing at Tripolitza, and bade the executioner lay it on thick. I promised him a return some time or other; and, as his heels were not in my way, I have just paid the compliment to his head."

With the words, he swung round the hideous trophy, and sent it crashing through the trees. Already burnt to the pith, the blow broke down two or three of them; and the captain, quick to seize all opportunities, leaped over the burning trunks into the open space.

They had reason to congratulate themselves on this promptitude; for Hebe's horse's hoofs had scarcely passed the circle when the whole fell in. The path was now partially clear; and in the opposite direction from the place of the skirmish, though frequently forced to turn from the remnants of the conflagration, they rode without meeting an enemy.

But as they reached the verge of the forest, where danger was to be apprehended again, the Albanian stopped to reconnoitre; and Hebe cast an involuntary glance on the spot where she had so lately expected to be intombed.

Her eye was fixed by its unspeakable grandeur. The fire had long since devoured the copse and other incumbrances of the ground; the trunks of the trees stood upright, but black, and cleared of every lower branch and weed. Among the matted

foliage of the summits, thick enough of old to shut out the light of day, the fire still raged; but it raged as in a solid vault of flame; there were no fantastic quiverings and playings of the blaze; it was the sullen magnificence of an endless roof of red hot iron. Colossal pillars, spreading in a thousand vistas; the ground cleared of all but the burning wreck of the soldier and his steed; and vault on vault above, red with concentrated flame; to her eye, it might have made a matchless temple of the Pagan deity of fire, or the more fearful king of evil.

The words "all is safe—now, forward," broke her contemplation; and they left the forest behind, and long saw its smoke swelling up the sides of the Balkan. But Hebe's delicate frame was unequal to the agitation of this day of terror, and before evening she was scarcely able to sit upon her horse. The Albanian, though wounded, and yet more irritated by the loss of his troop, was not insensible to her increasing feebleness; and turning from the mountain road towards the ruins of a solitary building, he proposed it as a place of rest during the night.

Wearied and feverish, she threw herself upon her bed of heath; and after many a vain attempt to sleep, and counting every star above her, at length, towards morn, fell into an uneasy slumber.

The strength of the meridian sun-beams awoke her. She looked round for Polemo, whose tall form she had left leaning on the summit of the broken wall, watching the plain. But he was gone; and as she awoke more fully, she attained only the fuller conviction that her guide had either grown weary of her as an incumbrance to his flight, or had been slain.

The terrors of this utter desertion, in a spot whose solitude must soon leave her to die, or whose tenants could be but the wolf or the barbarian, struck to her heart, and for a while she felt a total powerlessness of nerve.

A voice of misfortune seemed audibly to say to her, "Thou art mine." Her soul grew sick; she thought that she was dying; and, whether she fainted or dreamed, the world disappeared from her eyes.

Her first sensation of life was that of a deli-

cious sound, that rose and fell in infinite warblings. She glanced upward, and saw the minstrel, a thrush, seated on the bough of a wild plum-tree, that had contrived to root itself in the dry walls of the ruin. The little bird, as if pleased that it had an auditor, carolled still more joyously; and fearless of the human form, where it was so seldom seen, darted from branch to branch till it was almost at her side.

What charm awakes all that is rich and sweet in memory so deeply as song? The trilling of the bird reminded Hebe of the hours that she had so often spent listening to the harmonies of the woods, beside the two beloved beings whom she, perhaps, must see no more.

But her noble heart formed a still loftier source of energy, in her habits of contemplating nature, as the handmaid of a supreme Benevolence.

"Can I be concealed," thought she, "from the power that gives this tree life and fruit in the desert, and fills this bird with song and joy?"

The remembrance of instances of her own preservation, which she could scarcely attribute to the course of things, animated her to new hope. She

rose, and with those unstudied aspirations that rise from the heart; that willing and humble sacrifice, on which, like the offering of Abel, the flame from heaven itself descends in token of acceptance; she thought of the help that had hitherto borne her through trial, and now gave her anew the resolution to endure to the end.

Never was there a being less an enthusiast, less a visionary; but she felt instinctively cheered; the flame had descended upon her heart; and when she looked from the ruin upon the immeasurable space around, in which her eye could discover neither cottage, nor ploughed field, nor trace of living thing, she yet felt a buoyancy of soul, a reliance on the future, a generous and pure consciousness of standing in the immediate presence, and in the sustaining hand, of her Protector, that was more than fortitude.

While she stood ranging the plain with her vivid eye, to fix the path by which she was to make her way to life again, she was startled by a low voice near her. All human sounds were sources of dread, and she trembled while she listened.

But her fears were soon to be relieved. The sounds were those of a Greek hymn familiar to her from infancy; and her only purpose now was to find the worshipper.

The ruins were of considerable extent, and she had to penetrate through some hazardous and half-fallen vaults. From an ivy-wreathed buttress, whose foliage covered her and a host of birds, roused from their ancient seats by her presence, she saw kneeling at the remnant of an altar a priest of her country. In her impatience, she scarcely lingered until his devotions were ended; and as he turned his face, Hebe recognised with joy the monk of Mount Athos, with whose venerable countenance she had been struck under the roof of the ambassadress.

But her sudden cry of joy in a place of such hazard, had nearly defeated her object. The old man, who heard the signal of rapine in every sound, started away among the ruins, like a shadow; and the unfortunate Greek stood stricken with a feeling that her last stake for life was gone.

But the caloyer's knowledge of the building was not much geater than her own; and after some

attempts to extricate himself, a turn of the path brought him to the spot where Hebe still stood fixed. He instantly recognised her, and expressed his gladness and surprise at "a meeting so curiously the work of good fortune."

"On leaving Adrianople, his return to his convent had been retarded by the illness of one of the brotherhood, whose duty had fallen to his share, and he was now fulfilling by a visit to some of the convents along the Balkan. The heat of the day had driven him to take shelter in the ruins, where, finding an old chapel, he had offered up his devotions."

Hebe had still one source of sorrow in Adrianople; and it was with many an emotion that she told how unhonoured she was compelled to leave the remains of her old companion.

"There," said the caloyer, "I of all men can most relieve your regrets. Happening to pass the gates at the time of the Neapolitan's departure, I saw by a glance at her very expressive visage that all was not well. My knowledge of physiognomy even went to the extent of discovering that her excellency was in violent displeasure.

"I had seen your favouritism; and though, to do you justice, no one could have borne his honours with more moderation, yet I knew that the natural fate of favouritism is sudden downfall. Nothing but a quarrel with you could have made the ambassadress run away from the city, where she commanded so large a circle of the wise; and nothing but being perfectly in the wrong could ever have put her in a passion, so hazardous to the countenance of a determined beauty.

"I have not been always a monk, and you see I still remember a little of the world. When I missed you in her suite, my conclusions grew into certainties, and I went to administer such topics of consolation as could be accepted by one overwhelmed with so heavy a misfortune; and, seriously, to offer what humble service I could to a son of the country which I have made my own.

"Finding, to my great alarm, the palace crowded with soldiery, I hurried to your apartments, and made more anxious yet by their silence, I entered, and saw, I shall not tell you with what feeling, the sad scene that awaited me in the chamber. But no foot of riot had been there. I gathered

some of my brethren: we conveyed the earthly tenement of a noble soul to its place of rest, and I left it hallowed and honoured, even though in the shadow of the mosque of Selim."

Hebe thanked him with pious sincerity.

She now disclosed the purpose of her journey, and entreated the caloyer's counsel.

"You can have none better than your own," was his answer. "Unless your slight frame sink under the fatigue of the journey, a determination so sacred as your's cannot fail; it will be wisdom and guidance to itself; and you should scarcely condescend to mix its generous strength with the weakness of human counsel.

"Yet what I can do is at your disposal. I must return to my convent; and if you will come with me, you may find my assistance on the road of some value. The way through eastern Roumelia is through deserts, or through worse than deserts, the camps of the Turkish marauders. My road may be more circuitous, but it will be surer. Then, shall I welcome you at the Hayon Horos?*

* The popular name of Mount Athos.

"In Heaven's name," sighed Hebe.

"In Heaven's name," responded the caloyer, and they set forward.

The pilgrims turned their faces to the south; and avoiding the cities, where they must pass under the extortion and insolence of the Turkish authorities, continued their slow and weary way along the foot of the mighty Rhodope. But the mountain pass once mastered, it was with a reviving heart that Hebe looked on the land before her.

The glorious chain of Rhodope, whose striking bosses, and points bright with colour, have given them in the rustic legends the name of the "bracelet of the earth," had no charms for her eye.

Before her was the region whose every breeze, to her, breathed of soul. She trod on Greece! and desolate and rude as it lay, she worshipped in spirit the land of brilliant ambition, of burning words, and of visions that can never die.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

THE caloyer had, like many of his order, spent his early years in the busiest career of European life. He was a Genoese, of one of the families distinguished in the wars of Doria. The fall of his republic had left no resource for the more stirring minds of its nobles than service in the foreign armies; and he had borne a high rank and higher name in those of France. But domestic misfortune smote his sensitive spirit; and, less soured with the world, than weary of its powerlessness to fill the void in his heart, he had, at the age of thirty, and in the prospect of all that soldiership could desire, abandoned courts and camps

for the black hood and the obscure labours of the cloister.

It was at the close of one of those summer days which, among the mountains of Greece, touch every thing with indescribable beauty, that the pilgrims reached the high grounds overlooking the gulf of Salonika. The scene was calculated to call up all Hebe's admiration for her country. She sat, like one on the side of an amphitheatre crowded with every image and hue of the lovely and the sublime. On the right she saw the forest lands of Katrina in endless sheets of foliage tinged by the sun. On her left glittered the long succession of wooded promontories, arms of the sea, and plains yellow with cultivation, that lead the eye to the ruins of Olynthus and Potidæa. In front lay Salonika, with its crowded towers, gardens, and mingled and various dwellings of a population from every quarter of Europe. Behind her rose the realm of snow, circling the whole, the mountain barrier of Olympus and Ossa—the throne of the gods, and still looking fit for the dwelling of some mightier race than belongs to the little and perishable world below.

Cheered by the sight of human life once more, Hebe would have immediately descended to the city. But this, her guide's prudence forbade.

"There are three things," said he, "that the proverb commands us especially to avoid in this country—'the Greek of Athens, the Turk of Negropont, and every body in Salonika!' Let us turn to my quiet, safe, and lovely home." He pointed to Mount Athos, lifting its pinnacles in the distant clouds.

They bent their course to the mountain. Hebe felt, with the only joy to which her heart would now give room, that at last every step lessened her distance from Constantinople. Two days brought them to the foot of the famous hill, the promontory in which the last lingering sanctity and knowledge of the Greek church have made their stand.

The young pilgrim heard with a new sensation her native tongue spoken by all round her; saw the man of Greece walking with the erect port of freedom; and enjoyed with mental appetite the

fruits of a soil whose fertility was not trampled by the iron tread of a Turkish master.

After passing by a succession of convents with the structure of castles, and commanding the most delicious scenery, she reached the caloyer's dwelling, perched on a high pinnacle above the mountain town of Chares. The cottage was small, but admirably neat; a guitar, a turning lathe, a few shelves of French, Italian, and German literature, and some fine drawings of the mountain scenery, were all the worldly wealth of this little abode.

"You see," said the old man, gaily, "the terrors of the monastery are not for our brotherhood. We know nothing of gates or cloisters further than we please. Our caloyers hire their cottages and gardens, as once, when bustling our way through the world, we bought chateaus and domains; with only the difference, that here we have no stewards to cheat us, no heirs to quarrel for our estates, and none of the diseases of opulent life to put them into speedy possession. Yet even here we may have our fame, and the profit which follows fame.

" My French experience has made me the best vine-dresser in the mountain, and my wine bears the best price; which, as becomes a prosperous dealer, I am rigid in exacting.

" In Holland I attained the art of rearing sallads; and, when I desire to possess popularity in the highest quarter, I have only to gather a basket-full for the venerable head of my convent. That turning-lathe is English, and is unrivalled in making snuff-boxes, knife-handles, and rosaries. It sometimes even soars to little bas-reliefs of Scripture stories on ebony, horn, and ivory. Thus," said he, smiling, " you see it is not my fault if I am not a man of fortune.

" But, my young friend, I see that nature will prevail. Your eyes are closing; and I must tell you no more of our luxuries to-night, for you will be better employed in sleeping off the day's march. There is your cell, and remember that for once you sleep under the safeguard of the saints of the mountain, or, if you doubt their vigilance, of six thousand holy and bold brethren, who hate a Turk as they hate witchcraft, and who are ready

enough upon occasion to turn their crosiers into good pikes and carbines."

Hebe retired to her couch in a small chamber simply but gracefully fitted up by the ingenuity of the caloyer. A screen of vines trellised across the low wall, made a verdurous covering for the casement from the southern sun. A profusion of flowers flourishing in the gentle temperature of the hill, and fruits unknown to the sultry plains below, threw up perfume on the night, and filled the apartment with a cool sweetness, that felt like balm to her parched and wearied frame.

To one who had trodden in fear and trembling the savage soil of the Ottoman so long; who had never lain down but in dread of its tyrants, nor ever risen without forebodings of insult and hardship for the day, the feeling of safety was a new sense; and the serenity, the refreshing breath of nature, and the unrivalled prospect, gave her young imagination almost the consciousness of having emerged from our troubled scene of crime and sorrow.

At the height of three thousand feet above the land of slavery that she had traversed but the day before, she felt her mind dissevered from the level of human cares. The twilight had come with the softness and purity of the Grecian summer, and hid the plains from sight as imperceptibly as the steps of a vision. All above her was an unlimited expanse of stars, burning with the brightness of living lamps; all below was a vaporous ocean of purple; all round her was a region of sylvan grandeur—a host of granite spires and summits starting up from beds of foliage, and touched with the first light of the moon, that lay couched upon the hills of Asia.

While she continued gazing in unresisted admiration on this gentle magnificence, the bells of the various convents commenced chiming for the last service of the day; and the caloyers, with lighted torches, began to descend through the various declivities to their chapels; the sounds of their worship soon followed, gradually rising along the rising wind. Hebe's heart seemed to ascend with the hymns.

Tears, but not of pain, streamed down her cheeks; her frame quivered with hopes and thoughts that belonged to more than mortality. Engrossed by one supreme duty, to which she had vowed her life, all her emotions were coloured by its influence; and she now deeply listened to catch in the sounds of worship some promise of success to her filial enterprise. From the chapel of the convent, over which the cottage hung on its mountain pinnacle, like a nest in the branches of a colossal tree, she at length heard some fragments of an usual hymn for the brotherhood wandering in distant lands, and her voice instinctively joined in the supplication. While she leaned forward to pursue the last echoes of the choir, she accidentally moved aside the vine that hung over the casement; a dove, disturbed from its customary seat, darted out on the air, and circling the cottage in many a round, rose high and far towards the east. The whiteness of the bird in the moonlight, and the old traditions of its gentle guidance of the wanderer, made it an omen to the young votary. She gazed upon it until it was lost in the clouds, and

then, in sacred confidence, threw herself on her couch to dream of triumphs achieved by a resistless hand.

The sleep of youth and health is an easily broken chain, and by dawn Hebe was gazing from her casement on the wonders that every advance of day created in the boundless expanse. Often as she had seen sunrise, she never saw it in such indescribable pomp. Columns of cloud gradually separating like the gates of a celestial palace, opened a living pathway of every colour, from the palest violet to the broadest vermilion ; at length came a burst of intolerable splendour ; and on it, as if his chariot wheels rolled on a surge of molten gold, forth rushed the sun.

A voice roused her from meditations as shapeless, yet as glowing as the clouds that still heaved in ten thousand folds and billows far below. It was the caloyer's, who was thus early abroad, and busy pruning his vines. Accidentally looking up at the window, he stood like one in amaze for awhile ; then recollecting himself, congratulated her on her early rising, whose effect on her com-

plexion and countenance he gaily acknowledged, "had added to his respect for the miracles of the mountain."

Hebe received the courtier's compliment with the grace of courts; and spoke of the singular novelty and grandeur of the scene, as one which would make retirement from the world almost too delightful.

"We shall never unpeople the high-road of life," was the reply. "You are young, my son; and perhaps so much younger still in heart as to be an enthusiast; but time will teach you that the infinite multitude love the very misery of which they perpetually complain. The more anxious and the more hazardous the risk, the more the gamester is bound hand and foot; the nearer he is to ruin, the more he loves the game. Society is but a huge hazard table, on which every man lays down his stake, and where myriads and mighty interests go to hourly wreck. Yet who ever saw it deserted by candidates for being undone?"

"Let them look from this spot," said the Greek, waving her hand round the glorious horizon;

"and if they are human, they will feel how much they have been mistaken."

"They have looked from this spot," answered the old man. "Year after year, strangers from all parts of Europe come up the mountain. They wonder at the prospect, praise our quiet existence, wish that they might at some time or other be even as we are; and then go down,—to heap money upon money till the weight crushes their understandings; or to supplant each other in the thankless career of public life, until their hearts are broken by the discovery that they have thrown themselves away. When you know more of that life, you will know that it is little more than the science of wasting noble opportunies of good, stripping from the path of man every flower that was intended to cover it with healing and beauty, and gaining in return a ducat the more in their purses, or a decoration the more in their buttonholes.

"No, my son, if they mount to our quiet and pure region, it is against their nature: they must plunge again into their old atmosphere, smoky,

stifling, and pestilent as it is. Like the fish, if they come to the surface, it is only for the instant, to gather air to enable them to dive and prey in the darkness below."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

"BUT one great duty done," solemnly resumed the Greek, "and in some place of loveliness and majesty like this, if it is to be found; some temple built by nature for the homage alone worthy of the King of nature, shall I consecrate my days."

"You shall do no such thing, my young friend. You would be tired of your vows in a week. Misfortune, irreparable misfortune, alone holds the key that can safely open the cloister. Nothing but being thoroughly sick of life can reconcile any man above an idiot to remaining a monk; as nothing can justify it, but complete and absolute rejection by the world.

"In your instance, my son, with your capacities

of good, and your ardent and animated views, our seclusion would be a crime. The young and vigorous branches of the great tree of humanity must not refuse to bear the blossom and the fruit, until they are severed from the stem. We here are but a few useless and withered boughs, smote away by the storm, and tossed to this obscure resting place; until, sprung from the dust, to the dust we return."

"But you have society among the brotherhood," said Hebe, "and I should not propose to myself the life of an anchorite."

"The society of all men, my child, where they have but the same pursuit, is intolerably tiresome. The one heavy routine occupies all, and stupifies all. The variety of life is necessary to keep it from stagnation; and—trust a man who knows both well—the cloister may be as dull as the most exclusive circle of the most exclusive society, and for the same reason. You may be as much tired of your very existence even here, as if you were in the full cry of pleasure-hunting, in the centre of that world of coronets, where the rank of the patrician is known by the depth of his yawn."

"But here at least you have variety of character," said the baffled Hebe.

"Great variety, if you like the variety of barbarism. One half of our monks are the contribution of the most benighted and blundering fragments of Europe. The Servian and Bulgarian princes have built some of our chapels, and in return they expect us to receive their fools and clowns. Thus we have, bearing the offices of truth, purity, and benevolence, a multitude of men who would have made a capital figure at the plough-tail. But such is the history of patronage throughout the world."

"But your security, your provision for life, your leisure for following the bent of your own genius—"

"My son, when you shall have travelled as far as Constantinople, you will find, that to set man at his ease without any trouble of his own, is to turn him into an ass, without the merit of a beast of burden. We are here at our ease; and if our cloaks are but warm enough to keep out the winter, and our dinners ready at the stroke of the bell, we care not for man. The ingenious make toothpicks

and thimble-cases; the pious mumble the breviary; and the learned go to sleep.

"But you have the resources that of all others cheer and elevate the mind. You have books; you live in the land of noble recollections," said Hebe, reserving the strength of her argument to the last.

"We have those resources in the most curious excellence, and the richest abundance; and nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of us never touch a book. The reason is, idleness is human nature; and the man who can eat, drink, and sleep without opening a volume, will probably never open one."

"But you have here a perpetual concourse of the learned from all parts of Europe."

"Yes; and you have now struck upon the true resource of the caloyer of the Hayon Horos against hanging himself. He finds the wise and learned of other lands as absurd as his brethren, and is thus comforted and amused together. Yet man is made to be tired of man; and of all wearinesses, nothing can be more wearisome than

the companionship of a sage who comes to make a book. I have been haunted for a week together by a German professor of every thing in the world; until my soul was sick of botany, statistics, and every thing else that could be mangled by the spectacled Teuton. My last tormentor was a man of fame, who travelled here to establish a new theory of the earth, as wise as any of the million. The fellow had a feltzspar face, a hornblende tongue, and his soul was materialized of mica-slate, quartz, schist, and schorl. On he went through the pinnacles, hammering and collecting, testing and scribbling, until the tutelar Genius of the mountain was roused to wrath; and the unlucky theorist was found in fragments at the foot of a precipice, with his pocket full of pudding-stone, a thousand yards below the violated spot from which it had been plundered.

"And this Vandal was but a specimen of a tribe, as numerous and as noisy as the water-fowl that winter drives here from the same region. But I have had still more curious specimens.

"My last was an Englishman; a fine example of the great country of contradictions; where the philosophers are fools, and the fools are phi-

losophers; where every man scorns foreigners, and every man copies them; where the poor enjoy the revenues of the state, and the rich are beggared to feed them; where kings live in private houses, and subjects live in palaces; where the nobles are the proudest on earth, and where every third man of them has had a plebeian for his grandfather; where every man adores his country, and every man runs out of it as fast as he can.

"My Englishman was a personage of the highest education of his country; that is, he had been ten years at its most famous school, where he learned to pronounce the most barbarous Latin in the most barbarous manner, and play cricket to perfection; some years more at a college whose reputation runs the circuit of the globe, taught him that a circle is not a square, and that the human stomach is capable of containing three bottles of wine at a time.

"He was then sent forth a perfect man, to uphold the state, if he pleased; but fate turned his talents in another direction. Coming to the borders of the sea, like the rest of his countrymen, to get rid of society, and which is effected by a round of dinners, balls, and breakfasts in those

spots of seclusion, his eye was caught by the sunset on the French cliffs. He put on his hat; sailed for the land of gaiety; and, once in motion, went on to the Baltic, the Neva, and the Don; abusing every thing that he saw, heard, and felt; until the sea of Azof received him within its muddy bosom, the Bosphorus whirled him down its rapid stream, and he found himself under the shadow of the sultan of sultans.

"There he paused; and his genius developed itself in an offer to teach the Turkish cavalry the use of the horse and scymetar; the mufti the koran; the sultan the art of decapitation; the sultanas how to colour their own cheeks; and the people how to speak their own language.

"But the Turks as much hate to learn as they scorn to teach. A promise of the bamboo if he further presumed to enlighten the land of the Mahometan, put him to his speed; and, as literature was the darling passion of his soul, he steered his bark to our mountain; where, by some ill chance, he was directed to me, as the most profound of the profound.

"I was tying up the shoots of yonder vagrant

vine, when the man of genius invaded me. The vine is exactly three yards from my door; yet before I could take shelter, he had demanded of me, whether I could tell him what had become of the thirty-five lost tragedies of Euripides? of the hundred and thirteen melodrames of Sophocles? and of the hundred and eighty farces of Menander?

"Overwhelmed by this deluge of learning, I could only protest that I knew no more than himself on the subject, and attempted to make my escape; but his ardour of inquiry was not to be eluded. Holding me by the breast, he insisted on my telling him, on the spot, whether the complete Decades of Livy and the Annals of Tacitus were not in my possession? whether I thought Lycophron more muddy, or mysterious, or mad? whether any man living could make any thing of Æschylus? and whether the probability of the case was not, that his tragedies were a literal compilation of the ravings of the Athenian lunatic-hospital?

"Luckily the sea had given him an appetite, and dinner took off the violence of his inquisition. But over our bottle the subject was renewed; and he declared that he had come to fix among us, for

the purpose of devoting his existence to purifying from the cobwebs of twelve centuries, and exfodiating from the bowels of the mountain if need be, our precious remnants of ancient poetry, philosophy, and science; to be remitted to his illustrious country, and thence sent forth, brightened, polished, and purified, hung with the accumulated notes of her ten thousand literati, and glittering in the contributions of her arts, to illuminate the world.

"I congratulated England, the world, and the discoverer; and produced some more of my best vintage. The scholar ascertained that it was the true Chian, and imbibed it with the zeal of a lover of antiquity, until he fell on the floor. He rose next day at noon with a headache; wrote a chapter in his voluminous journal; ordered his boat; and, hearing that agates were to be sold cheap at Lemnos, found out that he wanted sleeve-buttons, sailed, and I never saw him more.

"If you have any curiosity to know his opinion of us, you may find it in that quarto; one of ten which he made out of his rumours abroad magnified by his researches at home. He has abused us in the most pitiless manner. Our chapels are hovels;

our cottages, sties; our brotherhood, banditti; our provisions, poison; and our wines, vinegar; our grand convent, the noble Laura, which opened its gates of hospitality to this rider of asses, is a mass of dungeons for a mass of criminals; our Vatopede and Ineroué, lovely as their mere prospect would make them, are fit for nothing but the rats and weasels that will soon be the only dwellers of their walls; and even our Calandari, with its venerable grandeur, and those groves of vine and olive that cling and cluster round it like the sovereign temple of the hill, receives the divided honours of an ill-looking penitentiary, and an insecure jail."

Hebe gave slowly up the point, and acknowledged that the conventual life had its disadvantages.

"Far may you flee from the necessity that makes it valuable, my son; but if your heart should yet be withered; if the hopes of life should break down under you; if you should look round the wide world, and see in it not one face of those whom you loved and fixed on as the cheerers of your declining life; come here, cast your anchor on this rock; and while you sit under these vines,

remember their planter in his grave; remember that under them the heart of your old fellow-traveller once found such quiet as patience, labour, and resignation could give.

"But come, I must not make that young heart melancholy. I have yet our grand curiosity to show to you. Follow me, and see the true wonder of the Hayon Horos—the most magnificent sun-dial in the world."

They passed through a thicket, in which the caloyer had collected the finer varieties of the Greek and Asiatic rose; and after some turns round the spiral of a little path, cut by his hands in the rock, stood at the foot of the great central pinnacle of the mountain.

"This," said he, "is the gnomon of our dial; and when those clouds below clear away, you shall see its plate."

The increasing glow of the morning had begun to dissolve the vapours which hitherto lay in enormous fleeces on the sea as far as the eye could reach; and a slight breeze soon catching them, developed the horizon of waters, lying with the smoothness of a mirror, and blue as the heavens.

"There," said he, "is our remembrancer of the passing of time. Follow the shadow of the pinnacle, it is sixty miles long."

Hebe saw, with delight and wonder, the phenomenon. A stupendous pillar of purple shade lay upon the deep, slowly pointing round, as the sun moved above the mountain; and touching, one by one, a circle of small islands, that gleamed across the distant view like so many floating pearls.

"Now," said the caloyer, "will you doubt my skill as a Cicerone? Others would have taken you to our chapels, and shown you our gold and silver trinkets; our candlesticks and canvas grim with saintship; the cups and balls of our pious babyism.

"But those you could see any where. The fragments of the true cross are luckily to be found wherever there is a thicket to cut them from, or an altar to hold them; the sacristy must be poor indeed, that has not a bottle of the Madonna's milk; and woe be to the chapel that has not a toe-nail of St. Peter, or a tooth of St. Paul.

"But our dial is alone among wonders. The

sunrise throws the shadow to Salonika; the sunset throws it round to Lemnos. Islands are our hour-marks; and the circumference of our dial is three hundred miles."

## CHAPTER XXV.

On returning to the chamber, the day was spent in making preparations for the voyage to the Dardanelles. One of the chaloupes that carry on the commerce of the mountain was to sail at nightfall; and the monk's garden and storehouse poured out their citrons and grapes for the use of the traveller. When the sun threw the shadow of the pinnacle to Lemnos, the chaloupe was to be under sail; and the sweep of the huge shaft, as it veered round, deepening the azure of the waters, was watched by the caloyer and his guest with equal interest and equal melancholy.

The old man first broke silence. "A thought has occurred to me," said he, "more than once

to-day, that you will make but a bad traveller when left to yourself; and we have rambled so far together, that I am half inclined to think the one who stayed behind just as likely to be uncomfortable as the one who went. What say you to my taking staff in hand again; leaving my mansion here to the saints, who, to do them justice, took excellent care of it before; and trying how I like the air of Constantinople?"

Hebe's countenance showed how gladly she heard the offer; but she deprecated the old man's hazarding a renewal of his fatigues and dangers.

"It is so long since I have seen the city of the scymetar," replied he, "that it will be a novelty. I have done my commission for the convent, too, so well, that the prior, by the bye, an ancient fellow-soldier of mine, and in his day one of the most dashing of our cuirassiers, will be rejoiced at finding something else for me to do with our turbaned lords; though, thank Heaven and these precipices, not our masters.

"Besides, experienced as you are," and he smiled, "you will not be the worse for a little of my knowledge in the mighty Stamboul; and heroic as

that frame of yours is, the old soldier, even in the monk's robe, will possibly be serviceable."

Hebe could only offer her warmest thanks; the cloud on her fair brow was gone; and she listened over the slight repast, to a train of those adventures that mountains and seas naturally supply.

"But, to pass from tradition to fact," said the caloyer, "I myself was chased and taken by pirates. But I must tell it in my own way—the rambling way of our Greeks, who turn every thing into verse, from the fall of an empire to the glance of a flower-girl's eye."

He took down the guitar, and accompanying his voice with a few chords, which yet showed that he had once known all the secrets of the instrument, wandered away into recitation.

### THE PIRATES OF THE ARCHIPELAGO.

To the right! steer, master, steer!
Hark! the thunder! danger's near!
What is yonder, like a cloud?
'Tis a mountain forest brow'd.
Deadly blue the lightning plays:
Heaven and earth are in a blaze.

All hands up, the blast is coming;
See the breakers round us foaming!
Now the crags are frowning round us;
Now the wind and stream have found us.
Farewell, wife and children dear:
To the right! steer, master, steer!

Heaven's! the brigantine is spell'd,
Tho' the storm has tenfold swell'd,
Tho' the current roars along,
Tho' the sail is bellying strong.
Hush! what sounds are round us winging?
'Tis the mournful mermaid singing,
Sweet as heaven: yet every breath
Is some struggling sailor's death.

Sailors, drop the line and oar;
Yonder is a sacred shore!
See the lamps upon it shine;
Those are round the virgin's shrine!
All to the Panagia pray;
"Virgin sweet, that day by day,
When the winter tempests roll,
Art the sunshine of the soul;
Thou that, when the night is thickest,
When the lightning flashes quickest,
When is shot the thunder stone,
Stoopest from thy crystal throne;
Now or never, mother, hear!"
To the right! steer, master, steer!

" Hear us, gentle virgin queen."
Ha ! a light, the clouds between !
Like a breath down goes the gale—
Daylight shines—unfurl the sail !
Let your cowards howl their hymns,
Here's " our vessel while she swims !"
Jovial sailors laugh at fear.
To the right ! steer, master, steer !

Ha ! a bark ! a rich chaloupe,
Piled with bales from prow to poop ;
Turk or Christian, she's our prize ;
Now she sees us—off she flies !
Curse this crazy brigantine,
Stript of oar, and sail, and line ;
'Tis in vain the chase to follow ;
We're the hawk, but she's the swallow.

" Hear, Panagia ! that dost save
Sinners from their wat'ry grave ;
Bring us safely up beside her,
Thou shalt with our crew divide her."

There ! she checks—she's on the shoal ;
See her on her beam-ends roll.
Board the cravens ; were they double,
We'll soon ease them of their trouble.
Forward, comrades, with the pikes ;
Level rifles—fire !—she strikes !

Jovial sailors, now for plunder,
Down upon her deck in thunder.
What's her cargo? Sallow faces,
Sulky merchants, Venice laces;
Shawls from Smyrna, damask sabres;
We'll soon give them nobler neighbours:
Pearls! this wreath shall surely shine
On thy white bosom, mistress mine:
Dollars, ducats! now for shore;
We need go to sea no more.
Where's the holy Virgin's share?
Give her—aye! a sailor's prayer.

"Sweet Panagia, ever hail!
Send thy slaves a fav'ring gale.
Gentle Regent of the skies,
Send thy slaves another prize,
Every week in every year."
Homewards now, steer, master, steer!

## CHAPTER XXVI.

At twilight they bade farewell to the mountain; and the chaloupe went, as if the Panagia herself were on board. She skimmed over the waters until sun-rise, and from the first flush on the Asiatic skies to the last violet tinge on the European forests, with the speed of a wing; until the Dardanelles opened before her, the only high-road worthy of the magnificent capital of Islamism.

Sandy shore, frowning castle, and green precipice wafting the perfume of a thousand flowers on the billow, flew behind the little barge; and towards the third evening, the glitter of turrets and spires in the last light showed where lay the city of terror.

Hebe's heart throbbed with intense emotion, when the caloyer proudly pointed out to her the golden dome of the Santa Sophia, rising over the multitude of roofs and minarets, as if Christianity were yet to triumph over the infidel.

Within those walls, whose huge and dusky outline was rising stronger against the sky, as the vessel darted over every new surge, was her fate to be determined, perhaps before another day went down. Every solitary tower along the shore awakened new anxiety. From its dreary loop-holes, her father might at that moment be gazing, and envying the poorest peasant, and the very birds of the air, their liberty. Still bitterer thought, within that tower he might have perished by the hand of the tyrant; or more mercilessly died the victim of that "hope deferred," which is worse than despair.

Her meditations were broken by a thunder of cannon, and a circle of explosion and fire from every point of the horizon. Fort, shore, water, precipice, and wall, were instantly in a perpetual blaze. The discharge was mingled with shouts from unseen multitudes; and the dissonant, yet

grand, clangor of trumpets, cymbals, and horns innumerable, followed, and filled the air.

To Hebe's look of astonishment, the caloyer answered, by explaining the cause of this upbreaking of the opiate tranquillity of an oriental summer evening.

"We have arrived at the beginning of the Bairam. The Ramazan* ends to day, as the sun touches the horizon. Till this minute, the whole Turkish world has been as wretched, as if every man of them were born to ten thousand ducats a year. They have had nothing to do. Not one of them, from the sultan to the water-carrier, dared so much as take a pinch of snuff, or light a pipe, or linger over an ice; or, in fact, do any thing but reckon his beads. They could not be more useless or unhappy, if they had been grand chamberlains of the Most Christian King, or counts of the Holy Roman Empire."

While he spoke, the enjoyment began. A crowd of boats of all kinds, from the slight and gilded pleasure-barge of the Marmora, like a mother-of-pearl shell floating upon the water, to the heavy carrier of the

* The great fast.

produce of its banks, were suddenly filled with people, each with his pipe at his mouth, and pulling hard for the city.

"Many an angry prayer," said the caloyer, "might those unlucky votaries send up against the calendar-makers, who send the Ramazan to take the round of the months every three and thirty years. When it falls in the summer, no slight number perish of exhaustion in a month's fast, when nothing eatable or drinkable passes their lips from sunrise to sunset. The Turk who would cut the throats of a province, would think himself undone by quenching his thirst with a cup of water. So much for superstition in all parts of this idle globe; and so much more easily are we reconciled to the mortifications of the frame than the restraints of the passions. But now for another scene."

The chaloupe shot out from under a high, wooded promontory, which had for some time concealed the city. "See," said he, "the illumination of the Bairam; Constantinople in its glory!"

And it was in its glory. Every spot on which a light could be hung was in a blaze. The great

central ridge which crosses the city from east to west, showed the mosques on its seven hills, seven gigantic diadems of every coloured fire. Chains of lamps were swinging from the countless minarets. The roofs below were bright with torches, and bursts of fireworks of the most singular brilliancy perpetually rose in the air.

As the chaloupe ran in from the sea, it swept close under the brow of a cape covered with buildings, mingled with tall cypress-trees. Over the gate which opened from the inclosure to the sea, were hung ranges of immense bones, looking ghastly in the illumination.

"See those skeletons," said the caloyer, with a groan of wrath and woe. "Could the moslemin have chosen a fitter emblem? Within those battlements,—under your glance at this moment, lies the most fearful spot on earth; the seat of the most habitual horrors; the scaffold that has drunk the most blood; the grave that has teemed thickest with regicide; the tribunal that has crushed with the fiercest recklessness the rights, feelings, capacities, and virtues of man; the throne of utter and essential tyranny."

Hebe glanced up at the huge mass of buildings that, covered as they were with lights, still looked sullen and wild; and, in the whisper of terror, pronounced "the seraglio!"

The chaloupe flew along, and rounding Cape San Demetrio, darted up the arm of the sea that washes the northern side of the city. In the Golden Horn new scenes of festivity continually unfolded themselves. The waters, smooth as a floor of marble, were alive with the multitude pouring out from the city and its Thracian and Asiatic suburbs, to enjoy the deliciousness of the night air, and the pomps of the illumination. The blaze from Pera, Galata, and Scutari, made the midnight scarcely less bright than day; and as Hebe passed by the trains of gilded barges belonging to the Turkish officers of state, the ambassadors, the opulent foreign merchants, and the chiefs of the Fanariote families; and the innumerable peramidias* of the people, every one with its torch, she could only wonder at this sporting in the lion's den.

The sound of some fine music from a magnificent barge that rowed aloof from the crowd, caught

* Boats that ply in the harbour.

her ear. The chaloupe kept on its speed; but even in the moment of passing, she could recognise the Neapolitan ambassadress, glowing with rouge and jewels, and triumphing like another Cleopatra, with her Antony at her feet, in the shape of the *superbe* Englishman; whose chief amusement, however, seemed to be derived from the obsequiousness of a crowd of aides-de-camp and secretaries, who stood clustered together at a due distance from their Platonic queen.

At length pomp, music, and illumination, were left behind; and in darkness the chaloupe shot in to a solitary landing place above the ancient walls of the Constantines.

"Here," said the caloyer, "our boatman will remain, while we make our way, if we can find it, through a road that would do honour to an African desert, to the house of my friend."

The road justified its character; for every kind of thicket, broken ground, and fallen building, might have been exemplified in the course of its first five hundred yards. Such are the accesses to the city of the sultan of sultans.

But the caloyer's prudence had provided a lamp,

which, when he conceived himself out of the reach of shot from the walls, he displayed; and by its help wound his path through spots that might have perplexed their native vipers.

Two hours of this fatiguing march brought them to a large black building, that looked as if it had met every assault of tempest and the enemy for a thousand years, and been shattered successively by them all.

Hebe shrank from the gloomy look of this palace of darkness and decay; and, full of the impressions of Ottoman atrocity, for which it seemed the fitting scene, eagerly attempted to convince her guide that nothing but the robber or the snake could live in such a ruin.

But the old man was unconvinced, and leading her through a vineyard to the rear of the building, knocked at a strongly barred door. After considerable delay and the demand of a pass-word, the door was opened. The squalid old domestic that stood within, no unsuitable minister of the den or the dungeon, increased Hebe's fears of the peril into which her guide's obstinacy had betrayed them both; and, when by the light of the quiver-

ing taper that led the way, she saw the dilapidated walls, and the court-yard covered with grass and fragments of building, she fixed her vivid eyes on the caloyer's countenance, to ascertain whether his brain had not, like his feet, gone astray.

He gave her no other answer than a smile, and knocking at a second door, they entered;—the visions of the Arabian nights were realised.

All round her was the profusion of the most lavish opulence. Late as the hour was, the household was ready to receive its guests with a pomp that actually startled her.

A long supper-table was laid out, attended by a crowd of splendidly-dressed slaves. Carpets and tissues of the costliest fabric; paintings by the most famous masters; gold plate; walls covered with silk, ivory, and mirrors; and the whole seen under a blaze of enormous chandeliers, were the preparation for two obscure travellers.

The master of this wealth alone did not appear; but an Italian major-domo, with the air of a Venetian of the *libro d'oro*, conveyed his "regrets that he had been compelled to attend at the seraglio by an unexpected summons, and his hopes that

the " most venerable father and his son in the faith, should feel themselves lords of the mansion" in all points of their pleasure.

When the attendants had retired, Hebe could not restrain her surprise at the unexpected richness of every thing in the spacious suite of apartments, contrasted with the exterior of the building.

" This," said the monk, " is the wretched tenure of life and wealth under the Osmanli. The owner of this palace is the Armenian banker of the court. Some slight service which I had the opportunity of rendering to him many years ago, has made him zealous to offer me every return since; and as no man in the capital can be of so much use to you in your inquiry after the noble Cantacuzene, I acquainted him with our coming and its purpose by a messenger from the convent.

" The Armenian is immensely opulent, as you may perceive, and the sultan of course knows it; but the most trivial display of his wealth to the popular eye would make his ruin a matter of state

necessity, and would be followed by his seizure and banishment, probably by his death. He eats the bread of insult. With horses from every stud of Arabia, he dares not be seen but on a mule; with diamonds enough to purchase a principality, he must let the Turkish beggar who actually lives on his alms, wear a better turban than himself; and while half the palaces of the divan are built with loans from his purse, he is forced by a sense of safety to let his own tumble about his ears."

A low knocking at the door interrupted the narrative, and a man tottered in wrapt in an old and weather-beaten cloak. He flung himself on a sofa, and continued for some moments panting, like one who had but just escaped from some imminent hazard, and gazing round with a dim, distracted eye. The monk in surprise, and scarcely recognising the portly banker under this aspect of alarm and exhaustion, approached him; but scarcely had he pronounced "My friend Joseph," when the Armenian fell into his arms in a passion of tears.

"Accursed money!" he exclaimed, "why have

I wasted my years for it? Better had I been born a slave, or laboured in the field; better be any thing than live in perpetual terrors of a tyrant, only to perish by the hands of a robber. While I was to-night waiting to embrace you, my excellent and holy friend, I received an order to attend the vizier instantly. I went, and what was his purpose? he commanded me to advance half a million of sequins before I left the seraglio. If he had commanded me to give up my life upon the spot, I was in his hands. I had no resource; the money was given, and I was suffered to retire.

" As I hurried through one of the outer passages, that always put me in mind of the passages to the grave, I was met by an icoglan in my confidence, and learned from him that a furious insurrection had broken out on the Danube, and that robbing me was the only means of raising money to meet it.

" He further informed me, that the boyar Cantacuzene was a prisoner in the Seven Towers; that he had been beguiled across the frontier by some spies in the government service, in the idea that, as minister of correspondence in the Hospo-

dariate, he might give important information of the designs of foreign powers. But this he had altogether refused, and from his refusals of intelligence, and haughty charges on the perfidy of the Porte, his life was in hourly danger."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

HEBE uttered a cry of agony at the words; and the Armenian in vain strove to console her by pointing out how much was gained by the knowledge of the boyar's existence and his place of confinement, and promising the whole exertion of his influence for his freedom.

While they were still discussing the means of having access to the prison, hasty steps were heard along the gallery, and the icoglan rushed into the room.

"Fly," he exclaimed, "you have not a moment to lose: the vizier has issued an order for your seizure and the confiscation of all that you are worth. The spahis are already on their way."

"Mother of Heaven!" groaned the sinking

Armenian, "has not the villain already robbed me of half my fortune?"

"There is the point," said the icoglan, coolly. "He thinks that he made a grand mistake in leaving you the other half, and intends to correct it without delay. To make all sure, your head will accompany your money."

"What shall I do? where shall I hide? in what corner of the earth shall I be safe from this merciless tyrant?" cried out the banker, throwing himself in despair at the feet of the Turk.

"Any where safer than here," said the icoglan, calmly wrapping his cloak about his arms, and waiting for the decision. The overwhelmed Armenian had no power to move; and he lay clasping his hands and muttering prayers. But the monk's early soldiership was not yet forgotten, and he counselled resistance.

"With your household and the strength of your walls, crumbling as they are, we may repel attack till day-light; or, at least, until the spahis feel that robbery will not be tamely submitted to. Order up your slaves, put muskets into their hands; I shall take the defence of the gate, and

even if the troops force their way, you will be able to make your escape to the water-side. In the mean time, collect whatever you have of most value, and be ready."

The banker was all gratitude, and flew to collect his diamonds. The slaves, and other domestics, were called together; and under the direction of the monk, were ordered to different points commanding the entrance. Hebe, in terror, still adhered to her guide; and followed him through the naked and gloomy galleries in which they were to watch for the arrival of the assailants. Yet, as she left the supper chamber, she could not resist giving a glance once more to its beauty, so suddenly marked for desolation. The long range of glittering tables was now thronged with wild-looking men, partly roused from their sleep, or called from the out-buildings and fields; loading fire-arms, sharpening scymetars, and harnessing themselves for the bloody work that every moment might bring.

They had not long to wait. The caloyer had scarcely reached his post over the gateway, before the sound of trampling hoofs and the neigh of horses came on the gusts of a chilling wind. The

caps and arms of the troop were next seen, as they moved out from behind the thickets, glimmering in the dying moon. The caloyer challenged, and was answered by a volley of carbine balls, that shattered the stones round him, and not less shattered the new-made heroism of his garrison. A most outrageous fire was returned, the chief part of which went into the sky. But he saw how this must end, and sent a message to the banker to delay no longer. Hebe he implored to take the opportunity, and escape with the fugitive. But the young Greek felt the spirit of her nation, and determined to abide her fate, such as it might be, rather than abandon the venerable friend whose generosity had bound her to him by every tie. The caloyer, touched almost to tears, argued, but argued fruitlessly; and side by side they watched the further progress of the assailants. The firing had surprised the spahis, and they had darted into the thicket much more rapidly than became soldiership. Not a shot was returned.

"We have frightened those heroes by even our defence," said the monk. "But they dare not go back to the seraglio with such news; and I

have no doubt that they are trying to get in by some easier quarter."

A burst of the domestics through the galleries, and a sudden blaze, proved that the conjecture was true. The spahis, astonished at so unheard-of an event as a defence against the seraglio guard, but knowing that their heads must pay for the failure of their commission, had rode round to the rear of the mansion, and by setting some out-houses on fire, put the new-levied defenders to the rout. The caloyer's generalship saw that the business was over; and leading Hebe by the chambers farthest from the shouts of the spahis and the shrieks of the attendants, hurried through by-paths to his boat, which he expected still to find upon the waters of the Golden Horn. But the chaloupe was gone. The Armenian had in his terror taken it, and pushed across to Galata on the first sight of the blaze, which he well knew augured the end of the battle.

The caloyer was in despair, and sat down to wait for the sword of the spahis. But he was now to be indebted to his companion's fortitude. Hebe ranged the bank till she found a deserted

boat; and giving one oar to the old man's feeble hand, and plying the other herself, the boat was soon in the centre of the Golden Horn.

The blaze from the Armenian's mansion threw sheet on sheet of broader red upon the sky; and the fugitives saw with regret that the work of ruin was total. But they had the consolation to feel that its master was beyond the reach of his plunderers; and that they were within a few oars'-length of the protection of the European ambassadors, whose palaces were already seen in the decaying illumination, above the roofs of Pera.

The boat touched the shore; and the monk was exultingly uttering the words, "Now, at last, we are in safety," when he found himself grasped by a strong hand, and heard a shriek from Hebe. The narrow landing-place was almost totally dark: he had run in among a patrol of bostangis; and he and his fellow-voyager were declared to be "prisoners in the name of his highness the sultan."

"We have got something at last worth our trouble to-night," said their officer; in whose eyes Hebe's rich dress, borrowed from the banker's

wardrobe, shone temptingly. The scymetar and pistols gave glittering evidence of the splendour of his armoury; and the captain looked upon his fortune as little less than made, if he could but secure the spoil to himself. He pronounced, with the promptitude of an experienced collector of valuables forfeited to the state, that the Greek was an individual of the highest rank, and not to be touched by human fingers, until he had been conveyed to the sultan.

"As for the monk," said he, with a laugh, "you may take whatever you can get from the infidel. He makes a vow of poverty; and his purse, like his life, is for the benefit of mankind."

The bostangis were palpably not convinced by the reasoning which defrauded them of the more extensive plunder. But their captain's voice was that of a man not disposed to tolerate mutiny; and the whirl of his scymetar accompanying this speech, gave a comment which the dullest of bostangis could not fail to understand. Hebe and the old man uselessly protested against their separation; the captain avowing in turn "that the affair was now in the hands of the state."

The prisoners were put into separate boats, as befitting the superior rank of the youth, if not the purposes of his captor; and the patrol having thus found something to report, gladly gave up the task of stumbling over the ruins and battling with the starving dogs of Pera.

The current of the classic Lycus bore them rapidly down the harbour, until they came within view of the seraglio. Hebe, overpowered by what seemed the perpetual persecutions of fortune, had sat on the boat's side in silence, and with her cloak upon her disconsolate face, from the time of her leaving the Christian suburb. The captain's rough voice aroused her.

"Now, my young hero, you may renew your acquaintance with the heads of some of your friends. As for their unlucky bodies, I suppose the tunnies can by this time give the best account of them. Rise, and do homage to the Sublime Porte."

The boat was hauled up to the bank; and the captive felt her feet once more on the evil ground. She passed in silence through a long street, that looked the dwelling of riot and misery; until

the captain, losing patience, plucked the mantle from her face, and said, "we suffer no infidel grumblings here. Your purse and pistols will be of no further use to you; so you may as well leave them as a legacy to me."

The bostangis were halted; and he led Hebe from this gloomy cavern, rather than street, a few steps towards a glare of light, which promised to assist him in making his spoil more complete. While he was busy ungirding the pistols, the Greek looked up, and saw, but a few hundred feet off, the fatal and famous work of Mahomet the Second, the Porte of the seraglio.

The huge and frowning mass of stone; the sullen arch below; the niches at the sides, which should have held the altars of death and terror; the Arabic inscription to the destroying power; were keenly visible by the light of the clusters of torches blazing from the orifices on the summit. But beneath those torches, she, shuddering, saw the true emblem;—a row of human heads fixed on the spikes of the archway, and glaring in the light with a frightful look of life in torture.

"By Allah! whom have we got here?" ex-

claimed the bostangee, as for the first time he caught a distinct view of Hebe's countenance. "Now my dream turns out true. Bostangis, to the boat again. I forgot that I have another hour to patrol. All oars in, and away."

The rowers turned from the bank, and were soon in the centre of the stream. "Now for Seraglio point, my men, and keep along shore."

He approached Hebe, who had resumed her seat in fear and silence, and whispered, "So, Greek, do you forget your travelling companions so soon? It is lucky for you to-night that I have a longer memory. If I had given you into the hands of the capigis,* never would you have seen Bairam again." The voice struck her ear; but she obviously found it difficult to recognise the speaker's features.

"Aye, Greek, three steps more would have brought us within hail of the man-catchers; and you might as well have walked into a tiger's den. But I remembered old times, the Balkan, and the run from our honest comrades, who have been since handsomely cut up under that most stupid

* The attendants at the seraglio gate, chiefly executioners.

and pilfering of pachas." Hebe, with a sensation of gladness, recognised the Albanian.

"I suppose," said he, "that you must have thought me a knave like the rest, for leaving you to make your own bread in that land of beggars; where, if the fox or the crow could contrive to pick up a dinner, they must have had the talent of a Frenchman. But the knavery was none of mine.

"I had wandered out of the old monastery before day-break, to speculate on the chances of our escape during the day. Others, it appeared, had wandered out before me; for as I was feeling my way round the old passages, every inch of which was undoubtedly made for a penance to all that ever trod them, I received a blow on the head, which put an end to my discoveries; and which, on my awaking in the middle of a tent of thieves fifty miles off, I found had left me without a piastre in the creation. To make the matter still worse, our two chargers had come sociably galloping after the thieves; and my precious prize, my whole coffee-set, that I had strapped on your saddle with my

own hands the night before, I saw handed over to the captain of the gang; who, like an unprincipled slave as he was, took possession of every cup of my lawful property without ceremony."

Hebe's smile betrayed her sense of the delicate distinctions of pay and plunder.

"And yet this was the luckiest thing of all," proceeded the headlong narrator. "I had been thinking of turning the edge of my scymetar upon myself; but the sight of human roguery has always made me indignant. I determined to make the robber refund; and the thought gave me new life. The night had not passed before I dropped a dose of opium into his unholy beverage. He got drunk; and talked of cutting off heads with the air of a sultan. Brandy and the pill together made him worthy of the throne of the Ottomans; and I left him to imagine himself jewelled to the eyebrows, and robbing the whole race of mankind; while I quietly stripped his sleeping majesty of every article that was worth my trouble; packed them upon the back of his favourite charger,

and leading my own two from their picquets, rode off with the set for glorious Stamboul.

" Here I made friends, either to myself or my sequins; began to like a city life; sent for my daughter; and, to avoid inquiries, bought a place among the brave bostangis. But, hush, what's here ?"

A window in a building projecting over the seraglio wall was thrown open ; a light glimmered within, showing three or four figures in violent struggle; and screams and groans ran through Hebe's ear.

The Albanian gave orders to push off instantly from the shore. He had scarcely pronounced the words, before a loud plash of the waters was followed by the roar of cannon.

" Wild work going on in the palace now," said the captain ; " that gun is the signal for the end of those who meddle with matters above them. Every night for the last week the same gun has told the same story, at the rate of a politician a quarter of an hour. The sultan trembles from turban to slipper, notwithstanding; and when he comes to the soldiers, after having finished his

accounts with the statesmen, the question between his highness and us will be only, which shall go foremost.

" But here we are, at the spot where the man who would keep out of the other world, must learn to hold his tongue."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE current had swept the barge close to the European side of the harbour in defiance of the oars; and Hebe, in new alarm, yet in admiration, saw herself within a few fathoms of one of the pavilions of the dreaded sultan, the Yali Kiosch.* Nothing could look less like the seat of the "blood-drinker."

It was a fantastic and fairy-looking building, with its beauty thrown into full view by the coloured lamps that hung from every part of its delicate architecture. Green silk curtains waved lightly over it in the wind, and showed

* "Pavilion of the landing-place."

within its arabesque walls the sculptured silver of the throne from which the sultan reviews his fleet, and, like another Xerxes, looks at once upon his empires of Europe and Asia.

On this night the solitary shore was no longer solitary; lines of large tents, painted with all the dyes of the rainbow, were pitched along the gardens; the sound of musical instruments swelled through the trees; and the most dazzling explosions of fire-works incessantly burst upwards, and lightened the whole reach of the waters.

"Let him revel while he may," was the Albanian's pithy observation as he steered wide from the rush of the sultan's magnificent barge. "There let him go while his twenty-six oars can carry him; but the time may come when neither his high-capped bostangi-bashi will hold his rudder, nor his golden lattice hide himself."

The chaloupe soon left the royal pomp behind, swept round the seraglio point, and wound its lonely way up the southern side of the great triangle, through darkness broken from time to

time by flashes of illumination from the various pavilions that peeped through the trees.

"In a boat's-length or two more," said Polemo, gravely, "we should have made the whole circle of those accursed walls, and might make our escape from them altogether. Why I should not, I can scarcely say; yet the knife is long sharpened before it draws blood; the sultan has other things to think of than slicing off my ears; and, if I am not mistaken, times are not far behind when an active pair of hands may help a man to more money than he could earn by his wit or wisdom to his life's end. Now, bostangis, steer for the Balik-hane."*

Hebe followed her master submissively through a low archway level with the sands, into a small and flower-covered building, a corner of which hung over the sea. A single lamp suspended in the porch threw a glow-worm light over the little embowered front; and a sigh escaped her lips as it reminded her of the rural quiet among her vines

* "The fisher's house."

and roses, that she now had lost all hope of ever enjoying again.

"You admire this pretty cottage," said the Albanian, as the lamp showed her countenance.

"I am only surprised to find a hermitage in this place of luxury and fear."

"Then, Greek, take my advice, and judge less from appearances in future. This hermitage has seen more blood than many a field of battle; than any cavern of robbers between this and the Danube; than even the whole seraglio besides. In this spot, green as it is, are done three-fourths of the murders done within these walls.

"To that garden, with all its blossoms, are brought the fallen ministers and high officers of the Porte, to wait, till from that fence they are brought out one by one, like sheep from a pen, to end their troubles within yonder little room, which I suppose you would fix on for your favourite shepherdess, or your favourite saint. In that pretty room execution is done upon viziers, capudan pachas, high-treasurers, and the whole tribe of fools

that can be contented with making money, to leave it with their heads to the sultan; and from that little window, wrapped up as it is in rosebuds and eglantines, the trunks belonging to those heads are tost out to find their way to the other world, down the Dardanelles."

His hearer shrank at feeling herself in the centre of those doings of death, whose remote name made the seraglio terrible; and she urged the Albanian to return to the water-side. But this he showed her was now impossible, by pointing out the movement of the whole fleet of state barges round the seraglio point. Their lights glittered far on the waves; and to avoid the guard of the gardens, who would naturally be drawn into this quarter to see the pageant, no time was to be lost even where they were.

They glided noiselessly through the long lines of cypresses that make the outer fence of the gardens, and which, to the passing ships, look like so many ranges of funeral plumes.

"Thanks to the Bairam," said the captain, "the rogues of my corps are thinking so much more of the show and the sherbet than of being

on their posts, that we have escaped a shower of musket-balls hitherto. But now, even, I am a little perplexed.

" My first object, Greek, you know, was to save you the trouble of carrying any valuables about you. But, as soon as I discovered that we were old friends, that idea was of course given up; for, if there be no honour among bostangis, there is the more among Albanians. But, as I could not turn you loose after a regular arrest under the eyes of my company, every man of whom holds me accountable for every sequin about you, I had no resource but to bring you along with us here; and now, I know by the tread, that the patrol are between me and my quarters. In this spot, at least, we must not be found."

A light glanced along the casements of a large pavilion, which they had passed in the dark. " There," said Hebe, " you may conceal yourself. As for me, all places are alike. I will go no further. Let death come here. I am weary of flying from him."

" Folly! here are the guard," whispered the captain. " Now, for life or death." At the

words, he forced open a trellised door, and pulled his despairing companion after him.

The guard, preceded by torch-bearers, came up almost at the instant of closing the door. They had evidently been aware that strangers were in the forbidden ground; but it fortunately surpassed their idea of mortal temerity, that any human being should violate the sanctity of the apartments under which they were now gathered in high consultation.

The Albanian himself owned his alarm when he looked round, and by the torch-light saw that he was in the most secluded and inapproachable chambers of the sultan, the pavilion of the "garden of hyacinths."

In all the agitation of the hour, Hebe could not restrain her eyes from wandering round the splendours of this central spot of gorgeous tyranny, as the torches gleamed on the golden and high-wrought arabesques of its roof; the incomparable tapestry of its floor; the clusters of pikes, daggers, pistols, and scymetars, sheathed with the precious metals, and blazing with diamonds, that covered its walls; the hangings embroidered by

the sultanas; and the pearl-chained and gold-footed ottomans that surrounded this celebrated room.

Even here was the affectation of an indulgence which the Turk so seldom suffers himself to enjoy; and two large crystal cabinets contained a number of sumptuously bound volumes, on whose beauty probably no human hand had ever intruded. Yet evidences of that singular and irreclaimable rudeness which characterises the son of the Caucasus, were mingled with this pomp; and the sultan's boots and slippers, his basin and napkin, and even the brushes and curling-irons for his beard, scorned to be concealed.

But the beating of the great drum of the seraglio, whose sound rouses every soldier within the walls, suddenly broke upon the night; and the guard wheeled off through the thicket, to the infinite relief of the fugitives. Other sounds were gradually heard, which the Albanian's practised ear told him were a cannonade on the northern side of the harbour. He started up from his crouching position under the shade of the viranda.

"I must leave you here, Greek; the gardens are roused now, and impassable by a stranger.

But here no one will think of looking for you. I shall make my way to the guard-house of the corps, to see how the world is going on outside; and be back in time to help you out among honest men again."

The increased echo of guns, and the heavier pealing of the drum, came upon the air.

"By Allah, they are at work," said he, exultingly. "I knew that the pacha would be a man of his word. Long live the Bairactar! a bolder fellow never drew scymetar. By to-morrow, great things may be done here; and at all events, sultan Mustafa will have other business on his hands than hunting for you."

To Hebe life had grown indifferent. Whether the blow came sooner or later was now nearly the same, and she passively remained. The Albanian opened the casement to drop into the thicket below. But casting a glance back at Hebe, he returned, and telling her that he had learned in the wars the wisdom of providing against accidents, opened one of the library cases, and with a laugh at "turning a sultan's books to some purpose for the first time since Omar," let fall its crimson curtains over her, and shut her in.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

THE captain's warlike wisdom was useful; for he had scarcely sprung from the viranda, before the tapestry at the further end of the chamber was flung back, and hasty steps followed. Hebe's heart beat thick, and she felt the feebleness and coldness that so often unnerve the boldest frame at the thought of death at hand.

But the pacing up and down the chamber continued. She was apparently not the object of the search; and by the light of a small lamp which one of the strangers carried, she was able to catch a glimpse of them through the curtain. One was a wild-looking tall figure, sumptuously robed, and scymetar in hand. The lamp-bearer was a worn-out being, who tottered rather than

walked after the long strides of the other, whose first words disclosed the rank of both.

"What would the rebels have? Dogs of hell! am I not Padishah Islam?* Where are the pachas? traitors and slaves, all of them. The Ulema will not stir. I am deserted by every body. Yet they call me Sultan-dinn† still." He burst out into a bitter laugh. "But I live, and they may find me their master yet, the hoary sycophants! Yet you, villain! you, blackest traitor of them all, why—" and he turned with glaring eyes on the trembling and bowing wretch that followed him—"why have not the people been called to the defence of their sultan? Am I to be dragged to the feet of that hound Bairactar? Am I not Imam-al-Musliminn?"‡

A roar of artillery, and distant shouts interrupted the speech. The sultan paused to listen, then threw himself in a paroxysm of rage on the sofas.

"Vizier," he exclaimed, "they are coming. I hear them forcing the gates;—but they shall not take me alive. They shall find Mustafa upon his

* "Emperor of Islamism." † "Protector of the Faith."
‡ "Pontiff of Mussulmans."

throne.—The troops fly from me.—The janizaries call for my head. They charge me with having lived like a tiger;—but I shall die like a sultan."

The vizier crept to the footstool of the royal savage, and continued prostrate, waiting for the subsiding of that furious passion which displayed itself in the convulsions of every nerve of his muscular frame.

"Slave! the time for this baseness is past," said the loathing sovereign, as he looked upon the human reptile beneath his heel. "Stand up, and if you have counsel, give it now. Our heads will come to the ground together."

The vizier was silent. The sultan buried his face in his hands, exhausted by passion. But the tide flowed again, and spurning the wretch from his footstool, he howled aloud—"Was there among my thousands no dagger to reach the heart of the rebel?"

"It was tried," muttered the vizier; "but Bairactar slew the slayers." "Was there not money enough in your hands to buy him? or did you keep it all to yourself, and your fellow traitors?" roared the sultan.

"He was offered purses enough to have purchased all the pachas beside; but the bribe was disdained," muttered the crouching slave.

A deeper thunder of artillery rolled; flame rose in the direction of the Porte, and the troops of the seraglio were seen hurrying in disordered crowds through the gardens.

The sultan sprang on his feet with the yell of a wild beast struck by a javelin. His first impulse was to turn the scymetar upon the vizier, whom he accused of betraying him; then, to rush out and die at the head of the janizaries. His hand was grasping the vizier's throat; when the old man, struggling at his last gasp, pronounced the words "Selim lives!"

The scymetar was suspended in its blow; a new passion had entered into its wielder. "He lives!" exclaimed the sultan,—"though I had commanded his death. Aye! there is the root of the rebellion; those dogs of Zatanai are come to replace him on his throne.—But on that throne never shall he sit alive.—They shall find him, a sultan if they will; but they shall have no purses from him; no troops; no pachalics: they shall find the mighty Selim the

dust under the feet of Mustafa. Bring him from his den."

The vizier clapped his hands; a door opened, and five or six mutes came in leading the unfortunate Selim in chains. Long confinement had withered the countenance of a man once remarkable for personal dignity; he was worn to a skeleton; his hair and beard were gray; he stooped under the weight of his fetters; and the voice was hollow and sepulchral in which he boldly asked, "for what purpose of new guilt he was brought before the usurper of his throne."

The scene passed close to the spot where Hebe stood breathless. Every feature of the fallen sultan, as the vizier raised the lamp to his woe-worn figure; the ferocious expression of his enemy, in the prime of manhood, and flushed with rage; and the sallow and fear-struck visage of the vizier, were under her single glance. The mutes stood by, unmoving and unmoved, as so many statues. There was a brief pause, during which Mustafa, either mastered by his passion, or awed by the lofty spirit of his former sovereign, stood, exhibiting his perturbation only in the writhings

of his countenance. "Such is human grandeur," thought Hebe, even in her terror. "Here are three men at the head of earthly supremacy. Yet the slave in the dungeon might be their envy; and an hour, a moment, may see them nothing."

The battle had apparently subsided for a while, and the shouts and firing were fainter. But the troops of Bairactar had retired from the assault of the principal entrance, only to make a more fatal attempt upon the sea-gate of the seraglio. Whilst the group of death were still gazing on each other, a tremendous shout, in which the names of Bairactar and Selim were heard, burst in the grove round the pavilion, and a heavy discharge of musketry dashed the casements into atoms.

"They are here," cried out the shrinking vizier, and turned to escape; but the sultan grasped him with a giant's gripe; then fixing his eyes on Selim, while he held the vizier writhing like a worm, he pronounced, in a voice scarcely audible through fury, "Selim, you hear what this reptile says. He tells the truth.—Bairactar comes with forty thousand men to place you on the throne. The rebel shall have his wish. He

shall see you there:—but he shall not see you alive."

He gave a sign to the mutes; who instantly threw themselves on their victim, and twisted the bowstring round his neck. But Selim, a man of powerful form, though weakened by long confinement, was still a formidable antagonist, and he struggled wildly. The firing outside was renewed; and one of the mutes dropped wounded. Relieved from this assailant, he plunged forward, shook off the others, and wresting the scymetar from the surprised sultan, dealt desperate blows round him. He had already fought his way to the door. He saw the Albanians climbing over the railings of the viranda; the door at which he stood was giving way under their axes; one effort more would change the fate of the sceptre.

But that effort was never to be made. While with one hand he shook the massive bars of the door, and with the other whirled the scymetar in the faces of the mutes, Mustafa sprang behind him, and with a single blow sent the dagger to his heart. The unfortunate Selim dropped; and died without a groan.

The act was seen from without, and redoubled attempts were made to force the pavilion. The sultan with a gesture of grim scorn pointed to the body, then dragging it across the floor, flung it on the throne. The Albanians, doubly infuriated at the sight, now burst in;—but Mustafa was gone. They found only the mockery of power; the ashy visage and streaming breast of him, whom the moment before or the moment after they would have hailed as the monarch of Islamism.

While they stood awed by the sudden sight of royal death, Bairactar forced his way through the multitude outside, crying, "Long live Selim, Padishah!" The circle round the dead gave way; and at one stride he was front to front with all that was left of his master.

The daring soldier was thunderstruck at the sight. He threw up his hands and eyes, and stood like one turned to stone; then intently gazing on the corpse, his countenance was covered with tears, he fell on the steps of the throne, and kissing the hands and feet of Selim, wept and lamented like a child. The fierce circle round him were hushed, and stood with their hands clasped upon their

breasts, and their heads bending, according to their custom, in grief and homage.

But Bairactar's mind was not made to play the woman long. He bounded on his feet, and shouted for vengeance on the murderer. An universal cry for the seizure of Mustafa was raised. The cry was re-echoed by the troops without, and every spot of the gardens was traversed by the torches of the furious Albanians. Vollies of musketry were discharged into every thicket; the scymetar and lance were plunged into every thing that gave a chance of concealment; lattices were torn down; chests beaten to pieces; sofas flung from the windows.

Hebe had hitherto escaped; for the sacredness of the chamber which contained the body of a sultan had prevented its general devastation. But this respect was soon at an end: a new and more barbarian band rushing in with lighted combustibles, began to fling them round the pavilion; swearing, that if they could not have the murderer alive, they would have him dead. The broken furniture was easily set on fire, and the living and the dead were soon involved in the blaze.

The smoke gathered round Hebe in suffocating

volumes, and powerless as she was to move, death seemed inevitable; when she felt the partition against which she clung, violently shaken. It was evidently a door, which some one was struggling to force open. Escape in any direction was the first impulse of nature. She struck what seemed a spring with the hilt of her scymetar, and the door flew back with a suddenness that flung some one outside to the ground.

It was a boy, in great terror, and not less startled by the young Greek's sword, than by whatever danger awaited him behind.

But her equal terror, and her countenance, soon showed him that she was not among his enemies; and he implored her to assist in concealing him. To be sheltered where she had been was now impossible; for the chamber was in possession of the Albanians, and must soon be consumed. There was no resource but to penetrate the darkness before them, with only the flash of the musketry for their guide.

Feelings which the world in its pride scorns as the dreams of weakness or enthusiasm, were her strength in an hour which might have shown the

boldness of the soldier unnerved, and the insolence of the haughty sunk into helplessness. Hebe's heart was weary of life; but she felt that while it was continued to her, it was a solemn duty to exert herself for human benevolence; and she went forth on her perilous way, contented to meet the evil, and do the good, in obedience to a higher will.

"Give me the scymetar," said the boy, after they had vainly wandered through a long labyrinth of utter darkness, where their sole chance of escape from slaughter seemed that of dying by famine. "Give me the scymetar, that we may die together. You know not whom you have saved for the moment. I bring death with me. I am Mahmoud, the brother of Mustafa, and the last of the blood of Abdulhamid. The sultan has kept me hid in the seraglio to make me his successor, if he had no sons; or to slay me if he had. But to-night my page awoke me, telling me that the sultan, in dread of Bairactar's attack, and knowing that the soldiery would shrink from destroying the last of the sovereign line, had sent to slay me, that he might declare himself the only sur-

vivor. But flight is now hopeless. I sink with weariness; and they are at hand. I hear the murderers. I hear my brother's voice with them; and we must die."

The boy grasped at the sheathed weapon. Hebe withheld it from him, and drawing it, said, calmly, "that it was always early enough to despair;" and stood to defend the entrance. As she stepped forward to conceal him more effectually, she felt a singular movement in the marble slab under her foot, and stooped to discover the cause. The place was without a ray of light; but her hands touched a grating, which satisfied her that they had wandered into the subterraneans of the seraglio, and were now among the vaults used for heating the baths of the sultanas.

The sound of voices and feet increased. She raised up the stone, and let down the young Mahmoud into the hollow of the empty furnace; but, as she was about to spring in after him, a flash of torch-light showed her a crowd of bostangis rushing through the vaults. She saw that the attempt would then only betray the boy; and letting down the stone, she awaited her fate.

She was not kept long in suspense. The sultan, conscious that the death of his brother was the last chance for his own life, had left the pursuit to no inferior vigilance. The first step that entered the vault was his; and his haggard look and wolfish eye, as he glared round for this second regicidal murder of the night, told Hebe that no mercy was to be expected from the man of blood. As he sprang in, he roared the name of Mahmoud.

But in the light of the torches that crowded behind him, he saw, instead of the trembling boy, the startling apparition of a Greek soldier, steadily awaiting his advance, sword in hand. The brilliancy of the dress, and the sudden vision of the defender, instead of the victim that he had already sacrificed in thought, wildly summoned up the natural superstition of an assassin's mind, already exhausted by a night of desperate effort, stained with kindred blood, and consciously tottering on the verge of final ruin.

He stood conscience-struck at the entrance of the vault; the scymetar drooped down in his hand; he attempted to question the figure, but no words would

come, and with a faint and stifled groan, he staggered back among the crowd.

But his bostangis were less scrupulous; and when their first surprise at the sultan's terror was past, they poured into the vault, and seizing the young Greek, dragged her forward, with a hundred daggers at her throat, and a hundred voices crying out for Mahmoud.

Yet to betray the innocent blood was impossible; and Hebe firmly refused to acknowledge the place of his retreat. The bostangis were furious; and she must have perished on the spot, but for the absence of the sultan, who, overwhelmed by fatigue and fear, had been unable to recover in the close air of the vaults, and had been borne to the chambers above.

To force a confession by the rack, and then to put the prisoner to death at the feet of Mustafa, was the next purpose; and Hebe was carried up a long ascent crowded with the fugitive troops and bostangis, to die.

## CHAPTER XXX.

THE 29th of July of the year 1808 was dawning, as the young Greek reached the often commemorated "Hall of the ambassadors." Mustafa had kept his promise. He was sitting on his throne. The Albanians were masters of the seraglio, and the contest was at an end. The death of the sultan so prescriptively follows his deposition, that Mustafa only awaited the approach of the conqueror to give up his life and sceptre together. His remaining high officers and guards stood round him in silent circles, expecting massacre.

But the clamour with which the prisoner was carried in, and the hope that Mahmoud was about to be given up, roused the sultan from the

desperate apathy in which he lay sunk upon the throne.

Starting up, he asked in a voice of fury, why the bostangis had not already brought the head of the prince; and demanded of the Greek "how he had dared to disobey his sovereign in concealing the enemies of the state." Hebe's only answer was silence.

The guards looked for the signal to strike. Still none was given. Mustafa felt, that to destroy this source of possible information, was to deprive himself of the last chance of power; and, to the universal astonishment, he desired the stubborn culprit to name what sum in money and jewels would buy the secret. But no answer was returned. The sultan's sallow face reddened with wrath: he gave the fatal sign, and the victim was instantly in the hands of the executioners.

But a roar from the outer court announced that there was no time for minor atrocities. The Albanians were come; the broken guard were driven off like sheep, and Bairactar rushed in. With a wave of his scymetar he dispersed the few officers of state who still surrounded their sovereign; then

planting his foot on the step of the throne, grasped the appalled sultan, and exclaiming, in a voice of thunder, "What dost thou there?—give that place to a worthier!" spurned him to the ground.

The conqueror's next demand was, whether he had stained his hands with the blood of Mahmoud. The dethroned prince with a ferocious smile pointed to the Greek.

In the confusion of the time, Hebe could see no difference between one band of outrageous soldiery and another. The name of Mahmoud alone sounded in her ears; and conceiving that the demand was for his death, she steadily refused to confess her knowledge of his place of concealment. The outcry then arose that she was the assassin, and, in her perturbation, she had no power to vindicate herself from the charge.

Bairactar, struck with the ingenuousness of her countenance, and the palpable alarm which defeated her attempts at explanation, would have given her time; but the intelligence of the scene which was transacting within the presence-chamber had now made it the great centre of interest. The military leaders were crowding in from all

quarters, and Bairactar's love of justice was forced to give way to the fiery eagerness of men flushed with triumph, and all alike ambitious to distinguish themselves by some act of prominent zeal in the successful cause.

The rumour that the assassin of Mahmoud was found, unsheathed every sword at once, and the chieftains rushed forward to take vengeance on the criminal. At the head of those was the capudan pacha,* the famous Seid Ali. The precedency in vengeance was given to his distinguished prowess on that night; and with a due feeling of the sources of popularity, he dragged forth his sacrifice to the door, that the soldiery might be indulged with the spectacle.

Hebe, confused and exhausted, saw nothing of the raging multitude before her. Their clamours, less like the voice of human beings than the roaring of the sea, never reached her ear; and, while the pacha delayed the blow, to let her be fully seen by the multitude, she thought only of the last supplication that she was to make on this side of the

* High Admiral.

grave. With the cross to her lips, she supplicated in silence.

She suddenly felt a hand rending it from hers, and was roused as from a dream by the demand, "Where she had got that bauble?" Looking up, she saw the fierce eyes of the pacha fastened on the cross which he held in his grasp; and his sun-burnt cheek deadly pale. But her calmness had returned, and she told in a few words, from whose dying hand the relic had been given. The pacha dashed the scymetar back into its sheath, and amidst the wonder and outcries of the disappointed thousands, led her away.

He was the brother of the bandit whom her charity in his dying moments had won to give this memorial; the memorial of the day when the two Hungarians parted, the one to seek his fortune in the Austrian guards, and perish in obscurity; the other to serve in the Ottoman fleets, and rise to the height of Ottoman splendour. The pacha's name was engraved on the cross.

Hebe's story was now clear; and the discovery of Mahmoud, where he had lain hidden so long, in the various agitation of hope and terror, as the

battle advanced or receded above, raised her to the height at once of popular and royal gratitude. To the preserver of the last of the sultans, what could be refused? She was desired to claim her reward.

She asked but one—an order for the release of the boyar Cantacuzene.

A troop of Albanian spahis were ordered to attend her; and with the first sensation of joy that her heart had long felt, she mounted the superb Arabian charger, Mahmoud's first gift to his preserver, and galloped forward through the courts of the seraglio; soon saw the brown battlements of the Sublime Porte behind her; and plunging into the gloomy and tortuous passages of the city, rapidly reached the Yedi Kouleler.*

The gates of the fortress, that it had cost the mighty Mohammed II. twelve thousand men to storm, flew open before the order of Bairactar; and the old governor, in great joy that the spahis had not brought the anticipated order for his head, as usual in a change of ministry, led the way to

* "Seven Towers."

the cell in which the boyar sat meditating on the unaccountable tumult of the night.

But at the door Hebe stopped her guide. She must be the bearer of her own tidings.

She noiselessly opened the door. The boyar was sitting at a small table with his forehead resting on his hand, and absorbed in thought. The paleness and thinness of his once vigorous and expressive features showed that confinement had not passed lightly over him.

Hebe would have spoken, but her voice was choked. She could only extend her arms towards him, and lean against the wall. Cantacuzene lifted his eyes, and in the agitation of a time of cruelty and violence, thought that his hour was come. He rose with his habitual stateliness, advanced towards the messenger of fate,—and found himself clasped in the arms of a being, tearful, sighing, and fainting.

His heart recognised his child. In delight and astonishment, he ran over her features, he listened to her wild and broken exclamations, he rejoicingly acknowledged in her the same noble, lovely, and fond being whose loss had left life a desert to

him, and whose recovery was of itself a pledge of happiness and fortune.

A loud knocking at the door reminded them, in their happiness, of the troubled world without; and the alarmed countenance of the old governor gave formidable proof that even the power of the sultan was not yet sufficient for security.

The unsettled population of a Turkish capital, always ripe for revolt, and always ignorant of the real state of affairs, had been jealous spectators of the march of Bairactar's Albanians; and the troops and partizans of the fallen government, flying through the city, could find no more natural expedient of escape than an insurrection.

While the conquerors were still busy in the seraglio, the standard of Mustafa was in consequence hoisted in the Adrianople street; and that central thoroughfare once seized, the progress of Bairactar was pronounced to be at a stand. The minor posts were in the popular possession before daylight; and while a large party of the expelled bostangis and janizaries observed the seraglio gate, another detachment poured down upon the Seven Towers.

Resistance was hopeless in the dismantled state of the fortress; and when the boyar saw from his casement the armed multitude driving in the remnants of the garrison, and rushing over the walls, he caught his child to his heart, and thanking Heaven that they had again met, prepared to face the inevitable fate of a Christian prisoner in the hands of a mob of Mussulmans.

The devastation went on wildly below. The victors beat down gate and wall in the mere delight of havoc; and to the long-fallen ruins of two of the towers, those of a third were added by the axes and hammers of the crowd, who looked upon them as depositories of treasure.

The prisoners were next thought of, and a roar of ferocious joy told that the gate of their tower was forced. The lower floors of the building were soon filled with the revolters, and the door of the cell alone stood between its inmates and death.

The boyar's firmness gave way at the sight of Hebe's peril. He paced the cell in nervous agitation.

"My beloved girl," said he, "I had in all my prayers solicited only that I might see you before

I died. The prayer is granted, and I am thankful. For you I could have wished length of days; and they would have been yours, if virtue, inexhaustible affection, and unwearied duty, could have given them. But for me, what could time bring? To have seen myself dishonoured by my country, probably to die the death of a traitor—certainly to be exposed to taunts and suspicions that to the honourable are worse than death;—all is better as it is."

Hebe followed his steps, to find some relenting glance in his fixed eye. She caught his hand, and the tears that fell upon it checked and softened him.

"My Hebe, my beautiful, my young, would to Heaven that my life could be given for yours! But we must perish, my child. Yet one thought still presses upon me. Now that the grave is under our feet, let me ask, have you forgiven my wretched son, that cause of all your misfortunes, that murderer of your Theodore?"

"From my heart, from my soul, I forgive him, and all the world," exclaimed Hebe, with her eyes and hands lifted in testimony to Heaven.

"Then I shall forgive him too," solemnly said the boyar: "but he will never know it. Unfortunate boy! misled by passion, vanity, and fatal example, he will flourish in the world's eye until some sudden blow strikes him down, and leaves his last hour without the knowledge that a father's curse is not among the sources of his ruin. And now, my child, I hear the footsteps of those who know no mercy. Let us think of higher things; the hour for us both is come."

Hebe hid her face on the arm which she held, and prepared for instant death. She heard a third voice in the room; it was the old governor's, who, feeling some interest in the boyar from his manly endurance of captivity, had entered to make a last attempt for his preservation.

"The mob," said he, "have beaten off your escort; but they have been checked by the search for plunder in the vaults under the tower. Yet that cannot detain them long, and we shall have them upon us:—if you are inclined to try your last hope of escape, follow me."

"Is there no possibility of getting to the sea?" said the boyar.

"I thought of that already," was the answer. "But since the escape of the Frenchman Beaujeau, the sea-gate is as solid as stone and iron can make it; and, to put the matter now out of question, I can show you some thousands of the stoutest butchers of Stamboul amusing themselves outside with knocking off the heads and tails of the carvings that those foolish Greeks took the trouble of cutting on the archway. Gods, goddesses, and bulls' heads, are coming down as fast as bullets and cleavers can bring them. But we have no time to lose; follow me."

He opened a low, grated door, which led through the thickness of the wall up to the roof. "Here," said he, "you may help yourselves to carbines and pistols; and here we shall not, at least, have our heads carried on pikes without notice. This roof I have found useful more than once in the same circumstances. On it we have three chances. We may not be seen at all; or, if seen, we may defend ourselves for some half hour, until the people change their mind, and make a new sultan; or, at the worst, we may leap from the parapet, and escape the mercy of those settlers of the nation."

The old man carefully barred the door behind them, gave them their choice of a heap of rusty weapons, and after a circuit in the darkness of the wall, brought them out on the large and level roof of the fortification.

Anxious as the moment was, the first step into the light produced from both Hebe and the boyar a cry of wonder.

The whole extent of the capital of Islamism lay beneath them in the glory of the morning sun; a circle of forty miles of mosques and palaces, gardens, gilded domes, and minarets innumerable, sparkling with crescents, and waving with the flags of the rival sultans.

Even the old governor was animated by the sight, and exulted in the grandeur of the City of the Faith.

"Glory to the conqueror that brought us here!" he exclaimed. "Let them say what they will, never will they find troops like the janizaries."

"There," and he pointed to the line of ancient ramparts, stretching from sea to sea, whose huge triple barrier could not keep out the riders of the Caucasus, "on that spot, where the battlement is

broken down, and those vines cover the wall—and thick may they cover it, if man's blood could feed them; died the last of the Greek sultans—a true warrior. The janizaries dug him out from under a heap of their own bravoes, lying in yonder corner under the rampart. He was in the cuirass of a common soldier, and was found with the pike in his hand, and a bold frown on his face, as if he had died in the act of striking. The Greeks gave out that he had escaped; but he was known to be their sultan by the golden eagles on his sandals. The great Mohammed, the conqueror of conquerors, dropped tears upon the head of the crown-bearer, and wished that he had lived. He might have made the Greek a pacha; but his time was come. So it was written. We have never built up that breach since; and it is called the Lion's Grave to this day."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

A NEW confusion among the armed crowd broke off the old man's display. They had intermitted their search, and were now clustering towards the sea-line, as if awaiting some attack or spectacle. Crowds were gathering on the roofs within view of the fortress; and the sounds of musketry, and the shouts and waving of flags, showed that a conflict was going on in the narrow avenues below. But every eye was soon directed to the sea, where the fleet of the seraglio gun-boats came sweeping out from under the point of San Demetrio, and opening their fire as they ranged up within reach of the quarters in possession of the insurgents. But their fire was thrown away upon roofs and walls; and it was returned fiercely from roof,

wall, and tower, along the whole sea-line; until the gun-boats were seen drawing off and anchoring. The shouts of the insurgents rose on all sides.

"The fortune of the day is settled," gravely said Cantacuzene, "and now our respite is at an end." Hebe returned him but a look; yet that look told him that they should never be separated. The old governor, who had been busily employed in looking over the battlements, now returned with a desponding air, and stood contemptuously pointing to the gun-boats as they dropped out of fire."

"If they would," said he, "but make me capudan pacha for five minutes, the bowstring should be round the neck of every captain in that fleet. They will now go back to drink their coffee, tell lies of what they have done, and, before they have lighted their first pipe, these rascals below will be among us. What say you, prisoner, to the leap?"

Hebe screamed, and seized the boyar's arm, as he stood, where a single step would have sent him down a hundred feet. But his perplexity was gone: the sight of imminent hazard had restored the native vigour of his resolution; and telling the Turk "that he knew too well the wanton cruelties

of the populace, to suffer himself to fall into their hands," he calmly loaded the carbines, and looked round for some spot in which they might make their defence to the last.

The roof was extensive, and covered with those little domes which the Turk plants on every thing. Behind one of them, which was perforated as a kind of ventilator to the rude hospital of the fortress, Cantacuzene planted Hebe and himself. But while he listened intensely for the approach of the assailants, his ear was caught by deep groans in the cell below. Some words in his native tongue thrilled through him, and he demanded of the governor who lay there.

"A state-prisoner," was the answer. "He came under my charge a month since, by an order from the vizier. A mute of the seraglio was the only one allowed to see him; and he has since lain ill, of what he calls a fever, but which I have shrewd suspicions may turn out to be only a slower kind of the plague. The attendants have got the same idea, and for some days they have refused to go near the cell."

"And he is left to die of famine," exclaimed the

boyar. "He is my countryman. I must see him."

"And catch the plague?" said the Turk. Cantacuzene looked at his young companion, and fear for her made him pause, while his hand was already on the door of the passage.

"My father," said Hebe, "let no thought of me stop you now. Our lives are hopeless. Or, could we give them up better than in an act of mercy?"

She led the way down the stair. A figure in the rich uniform of the Albanian cavalry, but tarnished and worn to fragments, lay with his face downwards on a bed of straw. The boyar's heart shrank; a mist swam before his eyes. His mind was one struggle of contradictory emotions. An irrepressible instinct told him that the being before him was in some way or other of the highest import to him; yet he could not shape even his own conceptions. Was it Theodore? or his own erring son?—that son to whom his paternal heart was still bound. He dreaded to find him dead; he dreaded to find him living; he dreaded to find him worn away with remorse, and perishing in the double bitterness of conscience and disease. But

more than all, he dreaded to find him ensnared into an apostate.

Hebe felt the agonies of her father's spirit in the quiverings of his worn frame; and with an effort of decision, that sent the blood from her cheek, and the light from her eyes, she tottered over to the bedside, and laid her hand on the head of the plague-stricken.

A deep groan showed that life was not utterly gone. The sufferer struggled, lifted up his face, and gazed wildly round. The boyar and Hebe exclaimed at once "Constantine!"

"My son! my unfortunate, beloved boy!" pronounced the father, as he threw himself upon the ground; and clasping him in his arms, they lay insensible together. Hebe stood gazing at them as they lay; and believed that the last human beings, for whom she desired to live, were dead beneath her eyes.

A heavy trampling on the roof, and the cry of the governor, as, standing within the door above, he attempted to struggle with the assailants, roused her. The narrowness of the stair in some degree protected the vigorous old man; but his scymetar

was soon broken or wrested from him, and he called out for the fire-arms. Hebe calmly took them from the floor, gave them to him; and then, powerless in heart and hand, sat down at the foot of the stair, to die.

But the struggle above suddenly grew feeble, and seemed to be transferred to the whole circuit of the tower below. Cannon roared, and the clash of bayonets, and yells of dying men, filled the building. The crisis of the conflict seemed to be close to the spot where she sat; she heard the very blows of the scymetars.

At length the door gave way, and an Albanian officer rushed in at the head of a crowd of soldiery. He stopped, and looked in amazement at the group before him; but the soldiery shrank from the dread of contagion: they hurried up to finish the struggle on the roof, and the chamber was suddenly cleared. Hebe glanced upwards as the Albanian was turning from the threshold. The truth flashed on her; she saw—Theodore! There was a gesture, a cry, a rush to meet each other, and Hebe fainted in his arms.

In joy beyond the power of words, he saw her restored to him; and the whole spirit of her sensi-

tive and noble heart was told in the recovering smile with which she fell upon his neck, and blessed the "mercy that had suffered her to see him once more before—it called her away."

But Theodore had other visions for her, and he told her of "happiness that awaited them both;" and first, of the complete security of the fortress, which he had just been the instrument of rescuing from the insurgents.

Hebe mournfully pointed to the boyar and Constantine. But her lover's senses, less prepossessed by sadness, soon ordered them effectual assistance; and within a few hours Hebe and all she loved were steering in one of the barges of the fleet for the palace of Bairactar.

Constantinople looked as if it had put on its pomp to welcome them. The insurrection had been concluded by the expulsion of the revolters from the Seven Towers. The attack on the sea-line having been suspended to lull the populace into security, the gun-boats had thrown on shore a strong detachment of the Albanians, who stormed the principal quarters of the revolt, and the towers fell to Theodore.

Battle had now given way to rejoicing; and every

kiosch along the shore was echoing with martial music. Constantinople poured out her myriads, delighted at the escape from the hazards of assault, and exulting in the largesses of a new sultan. The gilded boats of the high officers and opulent Turks darted along the water as glittering and swift as flying fish; and, off the seraglio point, the Ottoman fleet lay at anchor, covered from pennant to deck with flags, and from beneath those pyramids of every splendid dye of earth and air, rolling out salvos of artillery.

Theodore's story was brief. He exonerated his rash friend Constantine of every thing beyond the natural irritation of one disappointed in his passion. They had met accidentally on the evening of the fête of Bucharest. Words arose, and Theodore, reluctantly compelled to draw his sword, was severely wounded. Coming footsteps forced Constantine to leave him on the ground until he could send assistance. The footsteps were those of a gang of the marauders frequent about the public celebrations; and who, conceiving that he was a personage of rank, carried him off, to keep him concealed until they should receive the reward for his discovery.

On their way to the mountains, the gang were plundered in their turn by a troop of Albanian klephts coming to join their countrymen under the celebrated Bairactar.

Theodore, unable to resist, was carried along with them. The intelligence of the boyar's seizure reached him at Rudschuck; and, in the hope of rescuing him, he took service with Bairactar, who, indignant at the deposition of his old master, Selim, was marching for Constantinople; and who, though he arrived too late to anticipate the cruelty of the usurper, yet had, by his bold assault of the seraglio, hurled him from the throne, and received the vizierate for his reward.

Constantine, too, had his story. Disappointed love had made Bucharest hateful to him, and on the evening of his rencontre he had prepared to accept a mission to the Porte. Once in the capital, his restless desire to return was attributed to political intrigue, and he was thrown into that prison from which so few were suffered to emerge again into the living world.

The Italian singer was one of those agents which French influence had taught the rude policy of the Porte to use. She had attached herself to

Constantine as a means of obtaining access to the boyar's household; and through the boyar, to the knowledge of the negotiations that were suspected to be commencing between the Hospodariate and the Greeks of Albania. When the boyar was found impracticable, he was deluded into the hands of the pacha of Rudschuck by the hope of recovering Theodore; and by the artifice of a jugglery familiar to the dexterous spy, he was kept alive, alike as an instrument and a hostage, until, in the troubles of the government, his existence was forgotten.

The barge had now made its way through the multitude of showy chaloupes that literally covered the Bosphorus; and its passengers, with lighter hearts than often landed there, entered the seraglio gardens to be led to the presence of the new sultan. Among the crowd of officers and guards, who, in the tumult of the day, were still quartered in the gardens, the boyar, as he passed, found himself addressed by a man magnificently habited, and evidently of the first distinction. The soldiery fell back as he advanced; and Cantacuzene vainly tried to conceive his purpose from the peculiar and

searching look of the very handsome countenance before him.

At last, the stranger burst into a laugh, and asked, " whether he always forgot his old friends? and how long was it since he had seen the Danube?" The words developed the mystery—the bold boatman of Rudschuk stood before him.

The boyar highly enjoyed the recognition, and was proceeding to inquire how prosperity had arrived to him at last ; but the question was interrupted by the arrival of a concourse of the chief officers of the court to attend the triumphant vizier in his progress through the city. The name of Bairactar was echoed by the soldiery with universal acclamation ; and, in the boatman, the boyar saw the famous restorer of the Moslem throne.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

THE anxieties of those victims of private and public hazard were now at an end. The boyar prepared to return to his country, loaded with every mark of honour by the sultan, in recompense for his trials; and in the still higher gratification of returning with more than purified character to the court of his sovereign.

Constantine had received a lesson which was worth even its severe price, and his future career of activity and distinction gave proof of its value.

But Hebe, the bewitching, the beautiful—she might have had half the Ottoman dignitaries at her command, and reigned over beglerbeys and pachalics, but for her waywardness in determining to abjure the honours of the land of Othman, and

marry one of the humblest members of the service of Wallachia.

There was but one yet wanting to complete the joyous party that, mounted on the finest Arabians of the sultan's stables, and escorted by a troop of the Albanian spahis, bade farewell to Constantinople. Hebe had insisted on not setting forth until she had found that one.

A lover's jealousy might have been roused by this solicitude; but its object was past the age of alarms. It was the old caloyer; whose kindness had made a singular impression on her grateful heart.

Yet the strictest search was ineffectual. The desperate transactions of an unlicensed capital, made still more violent by revolution, had sent many a man to a nameless grave; and the utmost result of her inquiries was, that the venerable pilgrim was not lingering in any Turkish dungeon.

Bairactar rode with the boyar some miles from the gates, and gave way to his bold and buoyant spirit in the recollections of the brief period that had intervened between his handling the oar and his wielding the sceptre.

"I cannot tell," said he, laughing, "but that I have to thank you for the change. There is something in luck all over the world; but in Turkey, every thing.

"I felt when I took you into my boat, that some good fortune was coming; and you see how it has turned out. The truth is, your talk stirred me up; for I saw in my passenger a man who knew more of the world than our whole divan, if their beards were twice as long, and I determined that you should hereafter have something to say of your boatman.

"Even the money that you gave me had its use. For, in looking for a safe place to deposit my day's gain, double what I had ever made before, I broke down an old partition, where some frightened slave had hid his hoard, and never lived to look for it again. This business occupied me half the night, kept me from paying my regular visit to the pacha with his tax on the day's profits, and thus saved me from being laid side by side with him in the general massacre which closed my roguish friend Achmet's glories.

"As I found that the times were made for sons of chance, I scattered a little of my new-found

gold in collecting a few of my old campaigning acquaintance. They liked the money, and they did not dislike the service. I had more regard for the fallen Selim than for the unnatural villain who seized his throne, and I marched with the green banner in my hand, until the affair was ended as you see."

"And now," said the boyar, "you have nothing to do but to follow the impulse of your genius, and by reforming the evils of the state, make yourself an honour to your country, and an object of admiration and esteem to Europe."

The vizier's brow grew cloudy. "Boyar, you talk like an anchoret. Reform the evils of the state! Is it possible to reform the evils of any state? They may have the art among you of turning geese into eagles by a touch of office; but here we are not so clever.

"Yet, boyar, I have sworn to make the trial, and I now tell you how it will end. For three months you will see Bairactar shouted after by the whole population of Turkey, as something more than mortal; and honest and brave men taking the place of sots and slaves. In three months more you will see the whole population shouting against

him; the sots and slaves quietly seated on their embroidered cushions again; a cobbler commanding our fleets, a tailor at the head of our armies, a shawl-weaver conducting our negotiations, and a cook, famous for Greek puff-paste and Italian omelets, the depositary of the purse, the brains, and the conscience of the sultan; and, to make all sure, Bairactar's corpse hung up by the heels—for, rely upon your boatman, that he will never suffer this foolery to be done while he is alive."

He halted to bid farewell. The boyar, Hebe, and Theodore, alike grateful for the services of this distinguished and extraordinary man, detained him with new expressions of their interest in his continued prosperity.

The vizier gave a melancholy smile. "In the land of the prophet," said he, "men rise, from the sanjak* to the alem,† as birds rise before the fowler—to be shot. A short life to the lofty is the law of the moslemin, and we must all obey the law. From the highest to the lowest, death, the great peace-maker, keeps the quiet of

* The banner of an aga or colonel.

† The banner of a vizier.

the land. The sultan, before he sets his foot on the steps of the throne, strangles his brothers, uncles, nephews, and cousins, wherever he can lay hold on them; the merchant stabs his clerks for a ducat more or less in their accounts; the voluptuary hangs his cook for a pinch of assafœtida too much or too little, in the sauce of his broiled lamb; the husband poisons his wife for a word; and who can suppose that, in so much gratuitous justice, such notorious culprits as prime ministers can escape?"

He smiled, and putting his hand expressively to his sinewy throat, "here is the true place of power among us. It is the bowstring alone that puts us in the path and out of the path of fortune. Of the hundred and fifteen viziers, since the siege of Vienna, the average life is just three years and a half. The mute revenged the wounded majesty of the empire; and the sultan had generally the happiness of joining his minister before the culprit was cold.—The half year will be enough for me."

Europe knows how soon and how fatally the prediction was made true.

The vizier sank into silence. None spoke;

until, on a rising ground, suddenly reining up his charger, he uttered an abrupt " farewell," and striking in the spur, dashed across the plain towards Constantinople, with his whole glittering train sweeping after him, like a flying rainbow.

His departure and his forebodings left them grave; and as they lingered on the hill to take a last view of the magnificent and fearful city, in which they had all experienced such rapid and anxious changes of fortune, Hebe remarked upon the mystery of that disposal of kingdoms, by which the noblest position of the world for the seat of civilised empire was placed in the hands of the race of Othman.

" Providence will yet vindicate its wisdom," said the boyar with solemn fervour.

" If this monstrous blemish on human society have been suffered to stain the earth for so many ages, it is only to execute a great act of retribution. If the most undisguised and incurable barbarism, a barbarism that resists civilization as much as the rock resists the ploughshare, have been flung into the midst of the most intellectual region of the

world; if the most hideous blindness to the truths of immortal wisdom, and the most savage system of repulsion to Christianity, have been established in the birth-place and most honoured land of Christianity; and the blasphemies of the infidel have been suffered on the soil which saw the hallowed presence of the apostle, the martyr, and the King of both and all! can we think that such things were suffered without a cause?

"It was not the naked ferocity of the mountaineer of the Caucasus, or the camel-driver of the Houran, that could break down the armed strength of the empire of the Constantines; nor is it the vigour of the brutal conquerors that has since sustained them against the rising strength and intellect of Europe. The Saracen and the Turk were but the ministers of a judgment long threatened and long delayed upon a mighty people found incapable of dominion. Palestine fell ages before, for its crimes against the first teachers of the truth. And Constantinople, too, fell for its crimes against men of whom the world was not worthy; who, in the long succession of æras of treachery, ignorance, and corruption, started up from time to

time like meteors, at once to throw a passing light upon the nation, and show the contrast of the surrounding degeneracy.

" Yet even that punishment may be now approaching its end. The land, blessed by the footsteps of beings, who at this hour circle the throne of thrones, and at this hour are looking down upon it with that love which the grave only makes eternal and sublime, will not be abandoned for ever. The voice of the prophet has long declared that it shall throw off its chains. A voice is rising to give fulfilment to the prophecy. It comes from clouds and darkness, from the trumpet of the invisible throne. It shall be echoed from the four quarters of the winds; and the land of the Temple and of the Churches shall yet see glorious days."

Cantacuzene reached the court of the Hospodar —at the precise moment in which sovereign sufferance, sedulously urged by private rapacity, had been exhausted; and the first sound that reached him on entering the gates of Bucharest was a proclamation, declaring that every cottage, peasant, and bramble on his estates, had become the property of the public.

His fate hung upon his heel. If he had turned it in any direction but one, he would have finished his days within the bars of the state-prison.

But he was bold; knew the ways of the mighty; and knew that the true way to contend with robbery, whether in deserts or in cities, is to confront it. Without stopping to throw off his robe for a court costume, or to perfume a curl of his moustaches, he rode into the palace vestibule, and demanded an instant audience.

His tone was so little like that of a ruined man, that the laced and embroidered personages who turn the key of life and death on the suitors to princes, the crowd of chamberlains, began to conceive, with the sagacity of courts, that Cantacuzene might have the disposal of wands, ribbons, and aiguillettes, after all.

The bold boyar gave them no time to change their sudden obeisances, but walked straight on into the Council-chamber; where he found that public property, in Wallachia, meant private plunder; and that his estates were in a rapid process of being carved out among his most particular friends.

He laid his hand on the map of his domains, and gravely putting it in his pocket, put in its place upon the table, "A letter from the most high and mighty servant of the Padishah,* Zil-Ullah,† —Mustafa the Bairactar,‡ vizier and lord of the twenty-one horse-tails,§ of the alem,‖ the tahl,¶ the tugh,** the sanjak†† and the two bairaks,‡‡ &c. &c. &c. commanding that the faithful and noble, the boyar Cantacuzene, be received with all honours, dignities, and emoluments, suitable to one who had found favour in the eyes of the invincible king of kings of the earth, the Padishah Mahmoud,—by his slave, the Hospodar of Wallachia."

The sovereign bowed his head to the table at the sight of this formidable missive. The council would have bowed still lower to its bearer, if he had given them time; but his business was done with them and with Bucharest. He walked from the council-chamber through rows of congra-

* "Emperor." † "The shadow of God." ‡ "The Standard-bearer." § The Asiatic provinces. ‖ The great standard surmounted with the crescent. ¶ The military music. ** The three horse-tails. †† The green silk standard, of the size of Mahomet's banner. ‡‡ Large field-banners.

tulating friends; who had just discovered that the traitor and mendicant was one of the richest nobles in the principality, and not unlikely to sit as the master of that council-board, which he now so contemptuously left to recover its senses.

But he had other thoughts; and ordering his equipages through the gates, rejoiced at every step that carried him farther from his worshippers, and nearer his home.

"When I go," said he to Hebe, "where all must go in time, let me have the Armenian's epitaph:—

'You see my place in this verdant field.
I give my soul to the regions of death.
The world I leave to God.
You who see my tomb,
Say for me,
Lord, I have sinned.'

But none shall have to say for me, like the Armenian,

'I give my goods to the robbers.'"

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

CANTACUZENE'S return to the mountains was the signal for universal joy. His peasantry, whom his absence had alarmed even less for the natural havoc of a confiscated property than for the fate of a general protector and friend, came in crowds exulting at his presence among them once more.

Yet one spirit was still but partially cheered. The impression that the old caloyer had perished by some cruel catastrophe in his attempts for her preservation haunted Hebe; and no entreaties of Theodore could prevail on her to fix the day of their union, until some tidings of him should be obtained.

Her interest in the old man was scarcely to be accounted for by herself. The boyar could con-

ceive it only to arise from the agitation and anxiety left by the scenes in which they had been so perilously involved together. Her lover, vexed and grieved by the strange melancholy of this lovely creature, in the height of enjoyment, and the brightest hour of youth, tried argument; and when answered but by a sigh, tried ridicule.

"We have been spoiled, my Hebe, for the dulness of a country life by the delights of Constantinople. Who would not pine for the howlings of the hundred thousand half-starved dogs that run through the streets from sun-set to sun-rise; driving sleep from all but the deaf or the dead; or for the scarcely less harmonious howling of the Turks, Jews, and negroes, all day insisting on your buying their wares.—The breeze on a mountain road, or from a lane filled with flowers, is a much more tasteless indulgence than the air of the wet, plashy, dark, and pestilential lanes of Galata, or of the crumbling rows of mingled prisons and hovels that beetle over the passenger from Constantine's Gate to Cape San Demetrio.—A field of corn must be less attractive than the thriving cemetery, that meets you wherever

you turn from the mighty Stamboul.—Our rustics are not to be compared with the mob running before the bamboo-bearers of the Kaimakan,* to hang some butcher or baker, foolish enough to let himself be detected with a pair of uneven scales—nor the heavy quiet of a night in the country, with the passevend† rattling their pikes on the pavement, and yelling their "yangen var"‡ every five minutes; or the rush and roar of a flame that spreads from street to street as fast as a horse can gallop, and burns a whole district before morning; or, to finish the picture of social and city enjoyments, an insurrection, a general uprising of a quarter of a million of beings, that look as if they had risen from the lower regions, hideous, squalid, and furious settlers of the state; giddy as idiots, wild as madmen, senseless as fanatics, and bloodthirsty as a wilderness of leopards."

Hebe answered only with a smile.

One evening, as the boyar, dejected by her strange melancholy, was taking a lonely ride

* Head of the police. † The night patrol.

‡ The watchword in case of fire.

through his grounds, he overtook a peasant who was going to the next village for medical aid to a sick traveller.

Cantacuzene, in the familiar habit of inquiring into the circumstances of his people, turned to the man's cottage; and struck with the invalid's manners, offered him the superior accommodation of his palace.

Hebe's cry of delight at seeing him explained who he was, better than any detail of his own. She had found her old guide, companion, and friend.

The caloyer's surprise at finding the scymetar-bearer turned into a young and lovely female was no sooner overcome, than he exhibited a joy even beyond the natural emotion of recovering a noble creature whom he had never expected to see again. His own exertions for her recovery had not been wanting. After losing her in Constantinople, he had lingered through the most dangerous hours of the insurrection, for the chance of finding some traces of a being to whom he had been singularly attached. His next resource was to return to Mount Athos, in the hope that the Greek

might have returned to the convent; "and there," said he, "an incident occurred, that might tempt a man dead to the world to try its lottery of happiness again."

The caloyer here checked himself; and the remainder of the narrative was reserved for the boyar's private ear.

Hebe had now obtained all that she asked; and it was Theodore's turn to demand her compliance. But, while he was soliciting her promise, a note from the caloyer was handed to her, entreating "that she would defer her marriage till she saw him again." Theodore flew to his apartment, to demand his revocation of "so inadmissible and inconsiderate a request." But the caloyer was gone; and Hebe was firm in her determination to wait his return.

The boyar thought this obedience unnecessary, but would not interfere; and Theodore exclaimed, in no measured terms, against "the merciless caprices of the sex; the want of decision in the heads of families; and the vexatious interference of strangers; and above all, of monks, who should have nothing to do with marrying or giving in marriage."

A week passed away—a fortnight—a month; and on the very night when Theodore was writing his farewell to Hebe and happiness, and buckling on his sabre to volunteer among the troops of South America, the caloyer arrived.

The venerable man passed in silence through the crowd who waited to welcome an arrival on which so much depended. He looked at no one. Theodore, and even the boyar, were equally passed by. In an emotion which shook every nerve of his frame, he advanced to Hebe; laid his hand in benediction on her bended head, and bursting into tears of joy, called her "his child, the child of his lost, his loved Matilda."

While he sat gazing in speechless delight on his daughter, who sank in his arms overpowered by filial thankfulness and love; the boyar briefly told the story that had defied the feelings of the husband and the father.

Hebe's resemblance to his deceased wife had deeply increased the interest which the caloyer took, since their first meeting, in the young Greek. But the dress perplexed him; for he had known that his child was a daughter. On his return to the convent, some letters which Hebe had left behind in

the haste of preparing for her voyage, made it probable that she could at least assist him in the search.

He had set out to inquire in Bucharest whether she had ever returned. The sight of Hebe in the dress of her sex and rank gave him new hope; and to obtain full conviction, he had now travelled to the village where his wife died. The proof was there complete; and he once again had a tie to the world—one of the softest and loveliest ties that can bind the human heart—a daughter's love.

Happiness was from that hour in the mansion; and Cantacuzene and the caloyer still survive, occupied in the enjoyments of benevolent and intellectual minds.

But Hebe was and is, what woman was made to be, the cheerer and the charm of all. Her heart, noble by nature, and elevated by feelings and principles nobler than nature, had been only brightened and animated by trial. The singular course of that trial, however, is singular only to the ear of civilized and settled countries. For in our restless soil, the border land of Europe and Asia, the only extraordinary event of the whole is the escape of

a prince from the indiscriminate sacrifices of the seraglio.

But that escape is already history.

The boy Mahmoud is the present celebrated and able sultan; a sovereign whose intelligence and intrepidity would have distinguished him in any age of Europe. The accidental protector, the concealment in the bath-furnace, and the search for him by the executioners, are as well known as the revolution which took him from the furnace to place him on the throne.

His hazard and preservation; the fate of the unfortunate Selim; the deposition of the usurper Mustafa, who was subsequently put to death; the reforms of Bairactar; the tumults which followed them; and his death by the blowing up of the building in which he had fought to the last, and which was, probably, blown up by his own hand; are matters not yet twenty years old.

Before the week was closed, Hebe had one protector more, who would not surrender his right of protection for a throne. You may believe at once in the humility of her taste, and my knowledge of the story; for he who tells it to you—is Theodore.

# THE CAPTAIN'S TALE.

## THE RED-NOSED LIEUTENANT.

# THE CAPTAIN.

We were turning over a fine collection of drawings by the brotherhood, portraits of the chief patrons and brethren of the hospice, when I made some casual observation on the rapid rise and equally rapid fall of Lavater's system.

"Lavater was a fop," said the Englishman; "and had no more idea of the true reserve of science, than a French ballet-master has of walking. His Swiss soul was in a perpetual pirouette; and so, on he went in a caper of discovery, until he set the world laughing at himself and his system together."

"Yet he certainly made some singular disco-

veries," said I, struggling for the honour of Zurich.

" He did," said a keen-countenanced Italian with a smile; " very singular discoveries. He found out genius in Joseph the Second."

" And magnanimity in Frederic," said a Saxon.

" And humanity in Catherine," said a Pole.

" And on the same principle that he found courage in the mouse, gentleness in the rat, and fidelity in the sparrow," said the Englishman.

" The truth was, that he kept an inn for the reception of fools, great and little, whose compliments gave him that grand bribe of continental sciolists, ' an European reputation;' or, in other words, the pleasure of being talked of in the coffee-houses, and scribbled to by the idlers of the Continent: a pleasure which he repaid by putting the faces of his correspondents into his book, and making them ridiculous as far as it could travel."

" I knew Lavater well," continued the Englishman. " He was a simple, harmless, and kind-natured being; pious according to the genius of his country, which consists in singing hymns to mountain-tops, and running into raptures every

evening at the sight of the stars;—a republican, *par métier*, and amusingly conceiving a republic to consist of the best of possible persons with the best of possible purposes; but aristocratically unable to conceal his ecstasies at the view of a scrap of ribbon, red, green, or blue, on the breast of one of his visitors; or his exultation at the display of the hideous autographs by which the travelled mighty deign to disfigure albums."

"Yet his theory was benevolent," said an English officer, a bold-featured and cheerful looking warrior, who with his graceful wife had stood by, laughing at our rival dilaceration of the old physiognomist. "For, in his good-nature, he discovered ability in faces as unconscious of their merits as so many masks; and sent every body away as happy as genius, virtue, and perpetual good-luck could make them."

"Friend of the human race," said the Frenchman, "he loved them all—men, women, and children; and hated nobody but D'Alembert."

"Why?" was the general question.

"For two reasons: because he was an atheist, and, still more, because he had a red nose."

The officer laughed out; his lady smiled, and exchanged a significant glance with him.

"I must protest against the red nose, at least, making a part of the indictment against your famous encyclopedist," said he to the Frenchman; "for to the wearer of such a nose I have been indebted for my life, my wife, and my half-pay."

He was asked to explain the riddle. His graceful wife protested in vain against his detailing so much of the family history; but he laughed away her resistance, and gave us the tale.

# THE CAPTAIN'S TALE.

## THE RED-NOSED LIEUTENANT.

---

### CHAPTER I.

ABOUT five-and-twenty years ago, I was five-and-twenty years of age. I had thus arrived at the period, when a man generally settles the point for the rest of his days, whether he is to be good for something or for nothing; whether he is to make his own fortune, or make his tailor bankrupt; whether, in short, he is to be worth the bread he eats, or to render the last service to his country by hanging himself, and giving his brother idlers the benefit of his example.

I had seen the latter experiment made by some very distinguished exhibitors among my acquaintance.

I pondered upon the crisis; and my resolution to do something was at length fixed. But the grand difficulty remained—what was the thing to be done? what was the *grand chemin d'honneur*, the longest stride to the temple of fame, the royal road to making a figure in one's generation?

The step was too momentous to be rashly taken, and I took time enough, for I took a year. On my six-and-twentieth birth-day I discovered that I was as wise and as public as on my birth-day before,—and a year older besides!

While I was in this state of fluctuation, my honoured uncle arrived in town, and called upon me. Let me introduce to you this most excellent and most mutilated man.

He had commenced his career in the American war—a bold, brave, blooming ensign: what he was now, I shall not attempt to describe. But he had taken the earliest opportunity of glory, and at Bunker's Hill had lost an eye. He was nothing the worse as a mark for an American rifle; and, at Brandywine, he had the honour of seeing La Fayette run away before him, and paid only a right arm as his tribute to the victory.

My uncle followed on the road to glory, gaining a new leaf of laurel, and losing an additional fragment of himself in every new battle; till, under Burgoyne, he left his nose in the swamps of Saratoga; whence, having had the good fortune to escape with his life, he distinguished himself at the siege of York Town, under Cornwallis, and left only a leg in the ditch of the rampart. He had returned a major, and after lying on his back for two years in the military hospital, was set at liberty to walk the world on a pair of crutches, and be called colonel.

I explained my difficulty to this venerable remnant of soldiership. "Difficulty!" cried he, starting up on his residuary leg, "I see none whatever: you are young, healthy, and have the use of all your limbs—the very thing for the army."

I glanced involuntarily at his own contributions to the field. He perceived it, and retorted:

"Sir, I know the difference between us as well as if I were the hospital-surgeon. I should never have advised you to march, if you had not limbs enough for the purpose; but you have your complement."

"And therefore can afford to lose them, my good uncle," said I.

"Nephew," was the reply, "sneering is no argument, except among civilians. But if a man want to climb at once to a name, let him try the army. Have you no estate? why, the regiment is your freehold: have you no education? why, the colour of your coat will stand you in place of it with three-fourths of the men and all the women: have you no brains? why, their absence will never be missed at the mess: and as for the field, not half a dozen in an army ever exhibit any pretensions of the kind."

"But, my dear uncle," I remonstrated, "I feel no passion for military glories."

"Sir, if you have not that, you will have a passion for something worse. Every man has a thirst for publicity, whether he knows it or not; whether he hunts it under the king's coat, or strips himself of his own; whether he goes through the world gallantly with his pay in his pocket, or picks the pocket of his neighbour with a billiard cue or a pistol.

"Show me the man who denies this, and I shall show him Lord A. driving a mail-coach; Viscount B. the legislator of a boxing-match; the Earl of C. the rival in chin, brains, and manners of his own bear; the Marquis of D. a director of the opera. Poh! Sir, I could overthrow him through ten alphabets; for what could account for those high-born buffooneries—for this patrician exposure to the very fangs of public ridicule, but a passion for publicity, cost what it will?"

The facts were against me; and I could make but faint battle against the conclusion.

"And now, Sir," said he, "you have no time to lose. You are neither old nor young; neither too rich not to want all that you can get, nor too poor to fight out the world, if the war should come to a stop the day after you mount your first guard; by no means too handsome to make it necessary for you to ornament your country by staying at home; nor perhaps altogether too ugly to be beyond the hope of making some village sentimentalist fall in love with your uniform. If you are a Socrates, you are the first in the family; if you are a simpleton, you will not be the last, and you will refuse my advice,

marry for love, run abroad to live cheap, call your brats Adelaïde, Rosalie, and Angelique, forget your language, your country, and your friends, and die as ungazetted as a drummer."

He laid an envelope upon the table.

"There, Sir, lies your fate. I have bought you an ensigncy in a regiment under orders; a real fighting corps, and going where they will have enough of it. You will be in the road to speedy promotion one way or other; and may reckon on marching either at the head of your company, or to the next world, in the shortest possible time."

This was too flattering a prospect to be overlooked. I took the advice; in a week was flourishing on the Portsmouth parade, and in another week was on board his majesty's transport, No. 100, with a wing of the gallant Thirty —— regiment, working through the Needles on our way to Gibraltar.

Military men hold that there are three bad passages—the slow, the quick, and the neither quick nor slow; pronouncing the two former detestable, the latter —— ! the storm making a man sick of the sea, the calm making him sick of

himself, a much worse thing; and the alternative of calm and storm bringing both sicknesses into one. My first passage was distinguished by being of the third order.

I found my fellow-subalterns a knot of good-humoured beings; the boys with the habits of men, the men with the tricks of boys; all fully impressed with the honour of the epaulette, and thinking the man who wore two instead of one the most favoured of all things under the sun.

## CHAPTER II.

We at length came in sight of the famous rock. Gibraltar loomed magnificently from the sea; and every glass was at the eye, as the lines and batteries, that looked like teeth in its old white head, rose grimly out of the waters. The veterans of the corps were in high delight, and enumerated with the vigour of grateful recollection the cheapness of the wines, the snugness of the quarters, and the general laudable and illaudable pleasantries of the place.

The younger listened with the respect due to experience. And for that evening an old red-nosed lieutenant, of whom no man had ever thought but as a lieutenant before, became the centre of a circle, a he blue-stocking, surrounded with ob-

sequious listeners, in virtue of his pre-eminent knowledge of every wine-house in the garrison.

Such is the advantage of situation! nine-tenths of mankind, till they are placed on the spot of display, what are they but red-nosed lieutenants?

While we stood on the deck of our tall ship, quietly surging along the worst of all possible bays, the wind fell, and the sun plunged into the Atlantic like a ball of iron red-hot from the furnace. The garrison flag fell down with it, the evening gun fired, and we prepared for supper, whist, and our final bottle of port on board.

In three minutes all this was a dream: our men were priming, loading, and firing; our sails torn to rags; our masts shot through; the garrison lights were sinking behind us; our ship was rolling away on the current to Algeziras; and the whole ship, captain, sailors, officers, and soldiers, a scene of roaring, confusion, blue lights, and musketry. We were in action; but with what, no living eye could discern.

Between the smoke of our own fire, and the sudden darkness of the night, we could see nothing beyond an occasional flash, that seemed to come

from the bottom of the sea. It was before us and behind, above us and below; but the rattle of the balls against our hull and rigging, and now and then a shot taking effect on our company, told us that we had the usual enemy of the garrison reinforcements in full exercise upon us. In fact, the Spanish gun-boats, which never missed their opportunity, were out; and never was good ship or gallant crew more piteously pelted.

Let our romances talk of Spanish indolence; those fellows let nothing pass; from a cabbage-boat to a three-decker, they had a trial of their long guns on it; and if they could have made the night but half an hour longer, the left wing of the gallant Thirty——regiment would have closed their campaign in the dominions of his Catholic Majesty.

But morning broke; and the gun-boats, of which there were at least a dozen, seeing the frigate bearing down, which had left us to make the most of our own valour during the night, swept off with their oars to Algeziras, where two of the convoy were seen already lying.

To do us justice, we had fired away at a pro-

digious rate, though we might as well have fired at the moon: there was not a cartridge left among us by day-light, nor a man who was not ready to pledge himself that he had done mortal execution. This foretaste of war was not quite to our liking; but we had gained the victory, such as it was; and conquerors are always easily reconciled to their escape. The gun-boats had left the field; the rock was again in full view, shining out in the morning sun; the boats of the frigate hauled us along, for we had neither boat nor oar, rope nor sail; and, with something of the pleasant expectation of being congratulated on our prowess, we floated into the harbour.

This expectation, however, was not exactly fulfilled. As we moved slowly up to the admiral's ship, that lay like a huge bastion under the batteries, my eye accidentally fell on the red-nosed Lieutenant. I saw him turning towards the cabin-steps, and set this down for a disastrous omen.

The ports and rigging of the flag-ship were crowded with men, and our hands were already at our caps to return the imaginary cheers. We were received with roars of laughter! Volleys of

sea-wit were poured out upon us: we were burlesqued and gibed in all the native jargon of the place; asked whether "we liked Spanish pickle for supper"—whether "the garabanzas* were handsomely shelled,"—whether "we had any cigars to sell, &c.;" and a boat followed us with the crew pealing out, "See, the conquering hero comes!"

The same roars met us from every ship of the fleet; and from our sluggard movements we had the whole in perfection. At the sally-port where we landed, the laughter of the mob was, if not quite so obstreperous, at least as general; and the same genius of the place followed us, till we were lodged in our quarters out of the town.

The burlesque of a transport's fighting had amused the regular proficients; our ragged and dismantled state was calculated only to add to the joke; in short, the old rivalry of soldier and sailor was never less on an equality. This was the first lesson to our pride; and upon whomsoever else it might be lost, it was not lost upon me.

The garrison life amused me at first view; but its routine, its insipidity, and its formality, have

* Spanish pease.

wearied many a man; and I must leave it to others to tell how all this became more repulsive by the slavish obsequiousness demanded by the higher powers.

Talk of courts or prisons, there is not more servility in the one, nor more restraint in the other. Talk of the Sublime Porte or the Dey of Algiers, they are but outlines of the picture of governors, deputy governors, military secretaries, and town-majors. Some time or other I shall fill them up from the life.

A week tires your regular *militaire* of every thing but the bottle: half the time tired me of the place, the people, and the pompous deputies of the deputy governor.

The governor was a statesman, and a lover of turtle and venison—two things not to be had in perfection out of England. In England, therefore, the governor remained; adding by his uniform to the monthly splendour of the commander-in-chief's levees, and by his half-yearly speeches to the hereditary slumbers of the House of Lords.

The gallant Thirty—— were in the same predicament with myself. We scoffed at the mongrel

population—Jew, Moor, Italian, Spanish, Negro, Mulatto, the *olla podrida* of nations. We hated, as the luckless line always do, the aides-de-camp; and laughed at the infinite humility of their bows to their lords and masters; their sedulous squiring of the generals' wives, aunts, daughters, mothers, and grandmothers; and the exquisite scorn of every thing less feathered than themselves, that repaid those hours of office.

As for other matters; we had plenty of parades, sour wine, condemned cigars, and useless time upon our hands. Even the old red-nosed Lieutenant gave signs of discontent, and swore that the place was changed to all intents and purposes. The rest of us were like Thiebault in Frederic's paradise at Potzdam,—we conjugated from morning till night the verb, *Je m'ennuie, tu t'ennuies, il s'ennuie,* through all its persons, tenses, and moods.

But all things have an end; and we received an order to join the expedition to Egypt. Never was regiment so delighted. We supped together, and drank farewell to Gibraltar, and confusion to —— in bumpers without measure.

In the very height of our carousal, my eye fell

upon my old friend's red nose. It served me as a kind of thermometer. I observed it diminished of its usual crimson. "The spirit has fallen," thought I; "there is ill luck in the wind." I took him aside; but he was then too far gone for regular council: he only clasped my hand with the fervour of a fellow-drinker, and muttered out, lifting his glass with a shaking wrist, "Nothing but confoundedly bad brandy in Egypt, for love or money."

We sailed, cleared the Straits, rushed on the back of the current for a dozen hours, till we left the rock behind us like the fragment of a cloud; congratulated each other on a speedy passage; and,—before the bottle in which we drank to it had gone round, found ourselves fixed in a dead calm.

This is the grand temptation of the blue Mediterranean to all sins of omission and commission in all who spread sail upon its surface.

An album of the oaths, prayers, invectives, and ejaculations, begotten and born of its calms, from the lips of Turk, Genoese, Venetian, Greek, Corsican, Sicilian, Maltese, Sardinian, would be the

rarest treasure to a traveller, that was ever given to Europe since the reign of albums and the confusion of Babel. The wrath of the Englishman is loud and sufficiently expressive; but it wants, and will for ever want, the exquisite pungency, variety, and vigour, the steam-engine force, rapidity, and indefatigability, of the true Mediterranean tongue.

## CHAPTER III.

In this calm we remained for a mortal fortnight. The calm of the ocean is a whirlpool to such things in the loveliest of all seas. There is no tide to comfort you with the dream that you are in motion without feeling it; there is no wave to solace you with the faintest chance that the breeze will ever come: if the ship were screwed to the bottom of the sea, it could not give fewer symptoms of escape; if the sea were a field of ice, and the voyagers looking out for the North-west passage, their labour could not be more uselessly employed.

There stood our good ship, like the king on a chess-board, never to move among the chequers of red and blue, yellow and green, that inlaid the smooth and mighty expanse coloured and smoking under

the burning sun. We were scorched like so many locusts, were brown as Arabs, and as sick of our lives as Englishmen.

"So," thought I, "this is the army! Glory and scarlet may be showy appendages: a good mess and a new motto on the regimental colours are all well enough in their vocation; but where is the honour of being broiled alive?"

The worst had not arrived yet. A Jew had come on board whilst we were at anchor:—he brought us pumpkins, pantaloons, and the yellow fever! We now began to be aware of the full benefits of his visit—for three-fourths of our crew were seized. The officers had their turn. The temperate men went off first—so much for science and the reason of things. My old red-nosed acquaintance stood it out bravely; kept aloof from friend and enemy; and fought the evil at arms'-length, bottle in hand.

We had now lost three subalterns; and the rest were making up their minds to follow them, when my Mentor came into the cabin; where I was stretched, frying like Guatimozin, or St. Laurence, without the patience of either, in my shirt on the bare boards.

I glanced at his thermometer, and never crimson on the lip of syren or sultana more exhilarated me than its intense purple. "There is a wind coming," I saw in its first blush.

The inquiry was scarcely made, before I was flung off the floor into a cot; the trunks, bottles, and benches were hurled about the cabin, and the ship was tumbled on her beam-ends. The wind had come with a vengeance! My peep through the cabin window the moment before the dead-lights were up, showed me a sea that looked like the bottom of a cataract; foam, black billows, bulging clouds, and absolute columns of rain.

The whole firmament was up in arms, the wind roared louder than all the speaking trumpets of the deck, which were all in requisition at once; the thunder rattled like volleys of artillery; and away went our ship, stripped in a moment of every sail and rope, rotten with the heat and dews, up the Mediterranean like an arrow from the bow. And at this rate on we flew, rushing over shoal, and by rock, and craggy island, every one of which we approached with the instant apprehension of finishing our mortal glories there.

They were all, however, classic shores, and our names would, perhaps, not have been unhonoured, if we had laid our bodies under their brine: we might have been mentioned in the newspapers, and even have had an elegy in a magazine. But glory slipped from us on all sides. Wet, weary, half-starved, and frightened to death, we darted through every nook and channel that had ever figured in the history of the Cyclades: left Olympus on the one hand, and Ida on the other; caught glimpses of Cos and Scio, Rhodes and Hydra, all peering through fog and cloud, and lashed by sheets of billow and foam. I wished them all ten thousand fathoms under water.

Nothing could stop us: we seemed like the Indian pilot in the tale, who was to sail round the world till the day of its ending. At length, one evening the clouds in front took a more sullen hue; the sea rode in wilder surges; and the tempest tore out our remaining mast. Never were crew less indebted to the art of navigation for their progress. At midnight we struck on the coast of Asia Minor.

How we escaped with life is beyond my

knowledge. I recollect nothing but having been thrown by a surge against my friend of the red nose, who was sitting singing, either mad or drunk, by the capstan. A mountain of water lifted us up together, and further I have no remembrance.

My first returning sensation was that of being tossed about, stung and scorched, sick and stiffened. I opened my eyes, and the first sight that I saw was the Lieutenant: he had dragged me out of the water, and was pouring his favourite brandy down my throat, and superintending half a dozen rough, long-bearded fellows in sheep-skin jackets, who were stripping and rubbing me to pieces under the most fiery sun that ever parched the human cuticle.

As I rose, I perceived the same operation going on with others. We had luckily lost no officer, and but a few of our rank-and-file. The ship had been thrown in upon a wild shore; but so close to land, that escape was easy to all who had not lost their senses: the insensible were generally saved the trouble of the effort by the waves; but the Lieutenant had grappled me, and we were rolled

on the sand with our arms round each other's necks in the most amatory style possible.

The ship was a wreck; the storm, when it scooped the crew out of her like a kernel, had made no scruple of doing its will by the shell, and had toyed with it until not a fragment the length of a sword was left — she was fairly ground to powder.

END OF VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY A. J. VALPY, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 041769560